THE LIVING AGE

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OCTOBER 15, 1929

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THE GUIDE POST

THE NAME OF Lord Robert Cecil has always been intimately associated with the League of Nations and it is only appropriate that he should write a survey of the tenth anniversary of an institution to which he has devoted so large a share of his energies. Always a tireless worker for world peace, Lord Cecil will be remembered by Americans for having resigned from the Conservative Cabinet in 1927 because of his disgust at the Geneva Conference of that year.

Shortly before the British general election, L. Dumont-Wilden was urging France and England to coöperate against the United States, but the Hague Conference has disillusioned him sadly. A Belgian by birth, he is more French than the French in his uncompromising demand for a strong European policy and his article represents a point of view widely held in and about Paris.

As a close friend of Anatole France, Nicolas Segur has already written a book of conversations with his beloved master which was published in the United States. He now recalls and retells, in the words of France himself, a characteristically ironic version of the Last Judgment.

Yankee imperialism in South America alarms even the most liberal and good-natured Europeans, and Arturo Labriola, one of those anti-Fascist exiles, mournfully points out that the Argentine is not going to fight for the Old World but only for herself.

The writings of Egon Erwin Kisch appear more frequently in the German Communist Press than anywhere else, which perhaps accounts for the friendship he struck up in Hollywood with Upton Sinclair and Charlie Chaplin, who are about as red as anybody in California cares to be. But Herr Kisch is more than a radical. Like so many of the more advanced Europeans, he looks upon Charlie Chaplin as the greatest living artist and he certainly gives a vivid description of how a moving picture is made and how much all this talk about the new art of the motion picture has gone to Mr. Chaplin's head.

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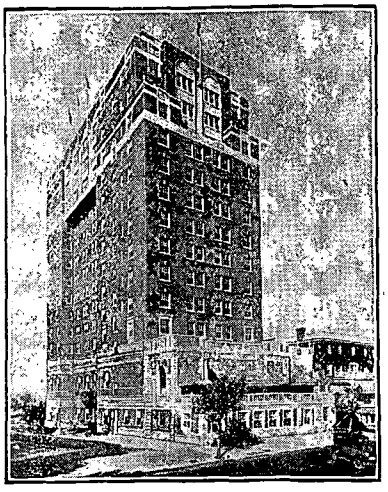

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THE FRONTISPIECE

Our frontispiece in this number again illustrates the work of the contemporary school of English wood engravers. Miss Clare Leighton is one of the most distinguished younger members of this school and her work has attracted more attention outside England than that of any of her fellows. The subject reproduced in this number is typical of the delicacy and spirit of Miss Leighton at her best.

Now that the bitterness engendered by the War is definitely dying down, France has begun to pay a good deal more attention to German culture than she has for many years. *All Quiet on the Western Front* sold about a quarter of a million copies in the French translation and many German writers are setting themselves up in Paris. It is only natural, therefore, that a paper with artistic and literary preoccupations like *Comœdia* should devote a sizable article to the new tendencies in German literature.

America's industrial civilization exercises a strange fascination over the European mentality and M. Dubreuil, with many years of factory experience in France behind him, came over to the United States to compare Old World with New World methods. He got himself various humble jobs—including one with Mr. Ford—and then wrote up his experiences in a book entitled *Standards*. Last month we quoted a few sentences from this work in *As Others See Us* and we now reprint an entire chapter, in which the author explains the superior morale of the American working man.

Newman Craig is one of those Englishmen who knows continental Europe well enough not to be shocked by a bullfight at Barcelona. He has been attached to various British legations and has served on several inter-Allied commissions. He holds the rank of lieutenant colonel, having served two years in the World War and received a D.S.O., a *Croix de Guerre* with palms, and Belgian and Italian decorations as well. He contributes frequently to the Conservative reviews.

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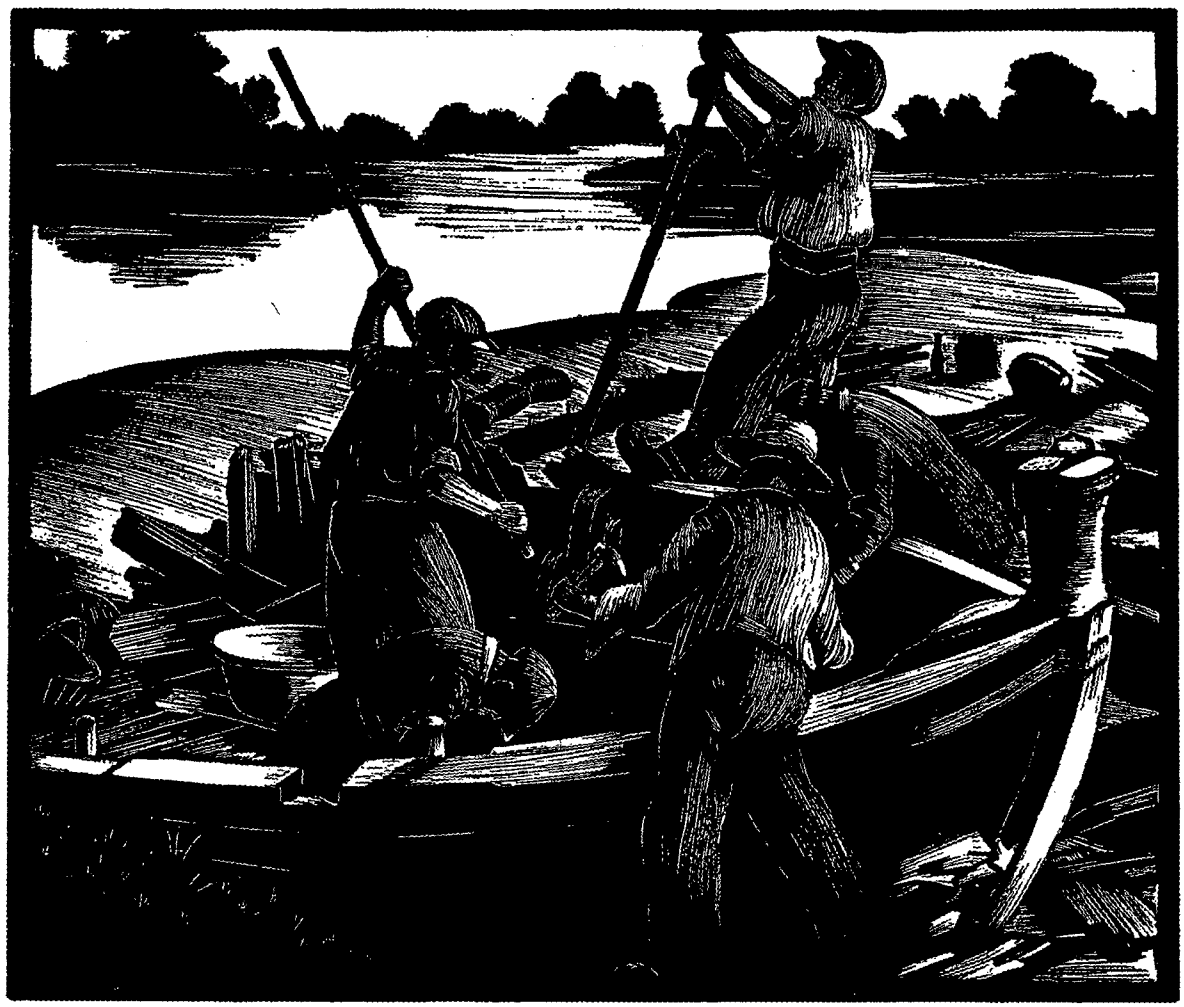

BREAKING UP THE OLD BARGE

FROM A WOOD CUT BY CLARE LEIGHTON

(Courtesy of the New Republic Print Department)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

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THE WORLD OVER

THE RECENT HISTORY of Anglo-American relations has been so crowded with ironic contradictions that most foreign comments on Mr. MacDonald's American visit have betrayed a somewhat bewildered note. If, for instance, anti-British sentiment played a large part in keeping America out of the World War until 1917, pro-British sentiment played an equally large part thereafter in determining the country's eventual and highly effective participation. But, when peace came, many of the same men who had opposed President Wilson in his refusal to join the British side any sooner than he did also opposed his peace treaty on the ground that England had come out too handsomely.

A period of transition has followed. The successful Washington Conference of 1921 only led to the Geneva fiasco of 1927 and the famous Balfour Note still irks the United States as much as Baldwin's settlement of his country's debt to America irritates the English. But, while the surface of Anglo-American relations has frequently been ruffled, certain elements on both sides of the Atlantic have been drawing closer together. As a result we have just witnessed a Labor Premier who conscientiously objected to a war that most Republicans in the United

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

League delegates from Norway and Holland open fight to link the World Bank with the League of Nations.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Alexei Rykov, People's Commissar, says Russia is prepared to fight it out along present lines in Manchuria if it takes all winter.

All nations that were represented at the Hague oppose the measure to bring the World Bank in contact with the League of Nations.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

The French destroyer, *Verdun*, sets a new world's speed record for that style of vessel, traveling 40.2 knots per hour.

One hundred and twenty people reported slain in Mexican elections at Vera Cruz.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Proposal to link the League and the World Bank is withdrawn.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

The French Government's Superior Cinema Control Commission ratifies a two-year film agreement with American producers whereby France will accept seven American films for each French film sent to the United States.

General Ho Ying-chin, powerful supporter of President Chiang Kai-shek, resigns all his positions in the Nanking Government.

British and Russian Governments renew their attempt to reopen diplomatic relations.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

The Council of People's Commissars in Russia decrees the immediate introduction of a nonstop four-day working week with every fifth day free. A new rational eternal calendar with twelve thirty-day months of six five-day weeks each is also contemplated.

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States wanted to enter being welcomed in the name of Anglo-American friendship by the leader of the same Republican Party that refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty because it was too pro-British. No wonder the prevailing tone of newspaper comment, both in England and on the Continent, strikes a somewhat skeptical note.

HERE ARE TWO representative French criticisms. The *Journal des Débats*, still smarting, perhaps, under Mr. Snowden's words at the Hague, insists that France should not rush into any Five-Power Naval Conference with her eyes shut: 'We cannot appear at a naval conference without being assured that three vital points on our programme will be respected: maintenance of submarines; acceptance of our rights as a great colonial power to decide for ourselves how many light-armed forces we need outside of France; and recognition of our special state of geographic servitude which, though it may allow us to maintain strict parity in the Mediterranean, gives us the right to be granted extra naval resources in the Atlantic equal to those granted to Germany by the Versailles Treaty.'

Le Temps, semi-official organ of the Quai d'Orsay, takes courage from the attitude expressed by several of the more reactionary British papers:—

> But if the British Prime Minister has in mind a much more considerable plan for the general policies of the two powers, if he is trying to achieve an Anglo-American entente that will make the influence of Washington and London felt in every direction, Mr. MacDonald runs the risk of experiencing some disappointment. The Americans have no idea of linking themselves up for the future with any other power and the only form of world policy of which they can conceive is one in which everything is completely subordinated to the wishes of the United States. Moreover, it is by no means a proven fact that Britain as a whole wishes to play any such rôle and this is the explanation of the anxiety expressed in certain British circles in regard to Mr. MacDonald's journey.

There is not a little reason for this point of view. The *Morning Post*, the leading Conservative paper in London, opens one of its most characteristic editorials with these words:—

> The British people, who love their Royal Navy, and know what dreadful fate it saved them from in the Great War, are naturally nervous about these disarmament negotiations. They do not like the precipitation with which the Prime Minister rushed into the subject:—
>
> I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
> For daws to peck at.
>
> Nor do they like his favorite argument, which connects the pursuit of peace with the reduction of the Navy. They may be forgiven for preferring an authority whose humanity and whose wisdom it would be impious to question: 'When a strong man armed keepeth the house, his goods are in peace.'

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TENTH ASSEMBLY of the LEAGUE OF NATIONS ends.

The AUSTRIAN CABINET, headed by CHANCELLOR STREERUWITZ, resigns.

Work stops indefinitely on 60,000-ton WHITE STAR liner, *Oceanic*.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

The FRENCH MINISTRY OF FINANCE proposes to spend $107,000,000 on the NAVY next year, an increase of nearly $8,000,000 over 1929.

'Fighting will only cease when CHIANG KAI-SHEK is overthrown,' reads a manifesto secretly issued by the RADICAL WING of the KUOMINTANG PARTY.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

RAMSAY MACDONALD sails from SOUTHAMPTON for the UNITED STATES.

JAPANESE CABINET votes to accept invitation to FIVE-POWER NAVAL PARLEY.

FOREIGN SECRETARY HENDERSON yields to RUSSIA's demands and agrees to open diplomatic relations before other differences are settled.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

La Prensa, BUENOS AIRES DAILY, charges that the ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT has deliberately failed to appoint an AMBASSADOR to WASHINGTON by way of protest against the AMERICAN TARIFF.

Fifty of the fifty-three nations belonging to the LEAGUE have now signed the ELIHU ROOT PROTOCOL for AMERICAN adherence to the WORLD COURT.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

BARON TANAKA, former PREMIER of JAPAN and PRESIDENT of the SEIYUKAI PARTY, succumbs to a heart attack.

28,000 members of AUSTRIAN *Heimwehr* march around VIENNA without disturbance.

La Nación, BUENOS AIRES DAILY, blames the ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT for continual discourtesies toward the UNITED STATES.

EMPRESS NAGAKO of JAPAN gives birth to her third daughter.

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Even the moderate London *Times* tempers its praises of Mr. MacDonald with doubts as to just where this new and almost exclusively pro-American policy is leading:—

> Mr. MacDonald also deserves a large share of the credit for this remarkable achievement. The course of circumstances placed him in the most fortunate position of being able to profit handsomely by the hard work in the cause of naval understanding between the two countries performed thanklessly enough by his predecessor. Undaunted by the bitter disappointment of 1927, the Conservative Government sowed the seed, which the Labor Government has very creditably ripened and reaped. It must not be forgotten that, in spite of the obloquy so unfairly heaped upon it, the abortive Anglo-French naval agreement in great measure anticipated those very methods which have now proved so successful. Meanwhile, in the midst of the general satisfaction which will be expressed on all sides at the prospect of complete agreement, it is well perhaps to introduce a note of caution. The difficulties which may arise in the general conference, which will, it is hoped, meet in London in January, may yet prove obstinately complicated. But the foundations have now been well and truly laid, and there is a very fair prospect of a general limitation of navies, which will also, it is to be hoped, lead eventually to the desirable goal of a real and substantial reduction in naval armaments.

But perhaps the most surprising comment of any appeared in the *Manchester Guardian:*—

> The difficulties of world naval reduction are yet to come. For the moment we may rejoice that at any rate the very real danger of a race in naval armaments is over. How great that danger was is not always recognized. If history were really 'determined,' if the gloomy theory that men are bound by forces outside their control always to repeat their mistakes was anything but a gloomy fallacy, Great Britain and the United States would now have entered upon that period of rivalry which century by century has culminated in war between the two strongest political and economic powers. To those who remembered the history of Anglo-German relationships during the twenty years which preceded the last war, nothing was so ominous as the repetition of the phrase that war between Great Britain and the United States was 'unthinkable.' War between us and 'our German cousins' was for years pronounced 'unthinkable,' until, with equal glibness, men began to term it 'inevitable.'

Anglo-American friendship may have been slow in coming, but its sudden arrival has certainly proved quite a surprise.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain has seized joyfully upon a speech by the Prime Minister in which he promised to support some form of national agreement in the coal industry. At once the Tory papers were up in arms. The *Daily Telegraph*, taking the side of the owners, pointed out that the era of Government interference in the coal business which began during the War had brought with it a chain of disasters culminating in the General Strike of 1926 and the great coal stoppage. Mr. Evan Williams, spokesman and leader of the coal operators, has said:—

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Japanese Navy, speaking for a council of military and naval experts, says Japan will agree to postponing battleship replacement but desires a 70% ratio in cruisers.

Fritz von Opel accomplishes first successful flight in a plane propelled by rockets.

Carl Severing, German Minister of the Interior, announces that a popular referendum on the question of repudiating War guilt and the Young Plan will be held from *October* 19 to *October* 29.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1

J. H. Thomas tells member of the Labor Party that he succeeded in persuading Canadian firms to place orders for coal and steel with England instead of with the United States.

Henderson and Dovgalevski reach complete agreement for opening diplomatic relations between Russia and England.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2

Hindenburg celebrates his eighty-second birthday.

Experts who will form the International Bank for Payment of Reparations meet in Baden Baden.

Secretary Stimson, Ambassador Morrow, and Mr. T. W. Lamont, Chairman of the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, hold conference in Washington to consider 'Dawes Plan' for Mexican debt.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, dies suddenly in Berlin.

Philip Snowden tells the Labor Party Conference that the present Government will investigate the whole British banking system.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4

Ramsay MacDonald arrives in New York and is given freedom of the city, proceeding to Washington in the afternoon.

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> The moment you have set up a national agreement with a national board you bring every question that is relevant to that board forward as a political issue, with debates in the House, and you get the Government involved, and you put the industry as a whole on a different plane from every other industry. The accusations that are made that the troubles in the coal industry are more numerous and more bitter than in any other are due solely and entirely to the fact that they are dealt with on a national and not on a district basis.

In another two months, when the present district agreements expire, the Labor Government will find this state of mind making itself heard increasingly. Mr. MacDonald's triumphs in the field of foreign affairs may have wounded the pride of the Tories, but his plans for domestic reform will hit them in their pockets—a much more tender spot.

ALTHOUGH THE SUCCESS of the *Bremen* caused the shipbuilders of Great Britain to stop work on the new *Oceanic*, the triumph of the *Graf Zeppelin* has not discouraged the British airship industry, which prophesies that its two new ships, the *R 100* and the *R 101*, will prove to be the best lighter-than-air machines ever constructed. These purely commercial vessels, built for the Government by two private concerns, differ from the *Graf* in being shorter and stubbier. The *R 100* measures 709 feet in length by 133 feet in width, while the *Graf* is 772 feet long and only 100 feet in diameter. The *R 101* will use heavy oil engines, which are said to lessen the risks of fire, and the *R 100* is to be equipped with six internal-combustion aëro-engines generating 4,200 horse power. The greatest improvement claimed by the designers is that the vessels are so constructed that they can pass through vertical gusts of wind at great speed. Newspaper comments have especially emphasized the fact that neither ship could be converted to military use, even in an emergency. The original plan was to institute a regular service to India and Egypt, but one of the ships may attempt a transatlantic flight as well.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO, the eminent Italian philosopher and historian whose hostility to the Fascist Government keeps him out of his native land, has just written a striking article on the Anglo-French Entente which appeared in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. Elsewhere in this issue a Belgian journalist, L. Dumont-Wilden, discusses the same topic with more than a little bitterness, but both men seem to agree that the Entente, founded under Edward VII as a check to German ambitions, has outlived its usefulness. Professor Ferrero, however, does not believe that England came off so badly in her dealings with France since the War as Mr. Snowden would have the world believe. He points out that Britain's position in Egypt and her prestige in the United States were considerably strengthened by French support, while the strong French policy on the Continent did England no particular harm.

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But the Professor does point out that the day England and the United States come to an understanding, the old Entente Cordiale will cease to exist. What occurred at the Hague, he says, only marked the beginning of an unavoidable crisis, and the Labor Government has preferred to settle its problems in America and elsewhere without the diplomatic support and friendly neutrality of the French. Now that Germany no longer constitutes a menace, the original need for close Anglo-French coöperation has vanished. Ferrero ends, however, by warning that a breach between the two countries might lead to European chaos and he hopes that a new 'Holy Alliance' will replace the old Entente Cordiale.

FOR THE SECOND TIME within a year, Australia is being put to the trouble and expense of a general election. Stanley Bruce's Nationalist Government, which had maintained itself in power since last November by virtue of a coalition with the Allied Country Party, developed a schism when William Hughes, the War-time premier, refused to follow his more youthful successor on a programme that demanded the abolition of the Federal Arbitration Court. The issue may be briefly summarized as follows. Twenty-five years ago, the various Australian states formed themselves into a federation, retaining, however, a large measure of autonomy. They then set about introducing a series of labor laws which made strikes and lockouts equally illegal and called for compulsory arbitration of all disputes. But these disputes often extended beyond the limits of a single state and a Federal Arbitration Court therefore had to be set up to deal with such cases. As time went on, however, the activities of this court steadily increased and, in 1926, Premier Bruce found himself demanding that all labor disputes be submitted to federal authority with a view to eliminating wasteful friction between the individual states and the central government. At once the cry of states' rights arose and the Premier, convinced that he had attempted a hopeless task, turned completely about and proposed abandoning the Federal Court entirely. It was on this issue that he has just been defeated, and even though the personal rancor of Mr. Hughes may have been the immediate cause of his downfall, the real struggle is one between central authority and local control.

IN SPITE OF THE peace-on-earth-good-will-toward-men atmosphere that characterized the last League Assembly, certain quarters of Europe still remain unregenerate. Bulgaria is perhaps the worst offender,—at least from the orthodox French point of view,—with Hungary a close second, for both countries continue to agitate, in season and out, for a revision of their frontiers. Bouroff, the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, set up such a clamor at Geneva for the protection of minorities that the *Journal des Dèbats* chided him as follows:—

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How can M. Bouroff speak at Geneva in behalf of the protection of minorities at the very moment when Bulgarian subjects living in the Petrich district on the southern frontier of Serbia are addressing vehement protests to the League of Nations against the continual assassinations of their brothers and sisters on Bulgarian soil, who are being exterminated by the all too famous Macedonian organization that takes its orders from Ivan Michailoff? We have already related here how the leader of another pro-Macedonian group, Alexander Protogueroff, and a number of his friends had been suppressed by their rivals and what a state of terror continued to reign in the Petrich district. The Serbian border is the region where all the incidents against which the Belgrade Government is continually protesting occur. Michailoff's men are organizing murders on both sides of the frontier. They enjoy complete immunity. No Bulgarian minister dares to interfere effectively in this region of terror. The criminals benefit from the support of men higher up. If M. Bouroff really wished to convince Geneva of his solicitude for peace and order he would ask the League of Nations to send an investigating committee, well protected, into the Petrich region, that blazing source of Balkan incendiarism.

RUINED AND DISCREDITED by the War, the old order in Germany is now making its last bid for power. The same elements—even the same individuals—responsible for the murders of Rathenau and Erzberger also planned the recent attempt to bomb the Reichstag. The present leader of this reactionary faction is Herr Hugenberg, editor of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, which openly supports the Austrian *Heimwehr*. This is the same gentleman whose fantastic attempt to prejudice the American Press against Dr. Schacht was exposed in the fearless columns of this great family journal last April. More recently, he has mysteriously announced that 'the world will give us back our sword if our hearts are pure and strong.'

Other spectacular individuals make equally spectacular predictions. 'In history, the name of Stresemann will stand immediately after that of Erzberger,' says the perpetual President of the Pan-German League, whereupon the *Kölnische Zeitung* exclaims, 'It is in the soil of such incitement—this bitter truth has been demonstrated—that the bomb attacks of misguided fanatics flourish. From infernal machines to revolver shots is only a step.' According to *Le Temps*, 'the most active elements of reaction' are hoping 'to ruin the confidence of the bourgeoisie and the masses in democratic power and are attempting to create a state of mind in which any kind of adventure will be possible for audacious men devoid of scruples.'

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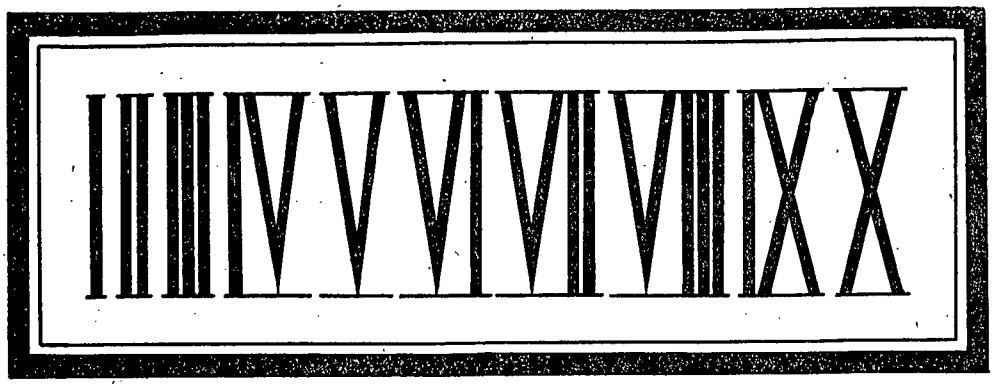

TEN YEARS OF THE LEAGUE

Progress toward Peace

By Lord Robert Cecil

From the *Daily Telegraph,* London Conservative Daily

AS WE gathered at Geneva on the site where the League's new headquarters will rise, it was impossible not to recall the crowded and busy days of discussion at the Conference of Paris and the sittings of the Committee charged with the drafting of the Covenant and the final adoption of its proposals by the Conference. Several of my old colleagues of the Covenant Committee—M. Venizelos, once more holding the reins of power in Greece; General Smuts, to whom the Covenant owes so much; M. Hymans, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Belgium; Signor Scialoja, of Italy—live to see, and, I hope, take courage from, the outcome of their labors.

I could have wished that Woodrow Wilson, whose courage and determination made the League possible, and Léon Bourgeois, who brought the critical acuteness and logical spirit of France to the building of it, could have lived to share our gratitude for all that the recent ceremony has symbolized. For behind this removal of the centre of our new international community from the inadequate shelter of a cosmopolitan hotel and a second-rate concert hall to a dignified and abiding home lie a great truth and a great hope.

The truth is that the League of Nations has become, instead of a frail experiment, an indispensable organ of coöperation for the great part of the Governments of the world. The hope is that acceptance of this truth will soon be strong enough among the peoples of the world to

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oblige their Governments to put aside the costly and hate-provoking implements of conflict that survive from an age of armed rivalry and are now so flagrantly inconsistent with the coöperation centred in Geneva, which increases yearly in effectiveness.

Then and then only shall we see a League strong enough to stifle any outbreak of lawless violence, however formidable the aggressor. Herein lies the chief task of the decade before us; but, before looking ahead, it is fitting that we should take stock of the present situation and recall the progress of the League of Nations during the ten years that are past.

PUBLIC opinion upon the League of Nations in many countries still lags behind reality. The League as it lives and works to-day is something very different from the comparatively impotent organization, still overshadowed by remains of the great Allied machine of war, which groped its way into European life nine or ten years ago. Yet it is, I find, still by the standards of 1921 or 1922, if not of 1919, that vast numbers of people judge the multifarious activities of the League to-day. This is perhaps due to the profound disillusionment produced in the public mind by the disastrous political and economic consequences of the War and the inability of the new League, in which so many hopes had been reposed, to put the world quickly to rights.

The refusal of the United States of America in March, 1920, to ratify the Peace Treaty or to enter the League seemed, in the eyes of many, to be a deathblow to the new institution. Some religious leaders, though by no means all of them, already reluctant to commit themselves to support of the League, were less than ever disposed to entangle eternal verities with what seemed likely to be an ephemeral political experiment. Very few of the great newspapers of Europe or America either troubled to have special representatives to follow the League's work, or were able to resist in their editorial columns the prevailing cynicism or pessimism concerning its future.

Hardly anywhere among the peoples of the defeated powers were any voices to be heard in favor of an institution vitiated, as was commonly believed, by the domination of their victorious enemies. Those who remained steadfast in their belief in a great future for the League of Nations were described, as a matter of course, as unpractical idealists with their heads in the clouds.

Three factors, I believe, have particularly contributed to establishing the prestige of the League after so troubled an infancy—the calibre of the Secretariat; the early and successful encounters of the League with the political realities of a ruined Continent; and the establishment of contact between the League and public opinion. Upon this last point, I am convinced that the voluntary League of Nations societies

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now at work in forty different countries have rendered the League an inestimable service.

The competence and integrity of the International Civil Service assembled by Sir Eric Drummond at the Secretariat and by M. Albert Thomas at the International Labor Office were among the happy surprises of post-War Europe. Herein the critics were quickly confounded. For, instead of a babel of officials each intriguing on behalf of his own Government—which was freely prophesied—the world woke up to find a body of expert men and women of forty nationalities working strenuously and smoothly for a common end. By deeds more eloquent than words the League's staff have made it clear that the organized community of nations is an ideal worth living for and—as shown by the self-sacrifice of those who gave their lives to save Europe from typhus and cholera in 1920—worth dying for.

IT WOULD be difficult to exaggerate what the world owes to the Secretary-General himself and to the system of continuity and coherence which he has given to the work of the Council, the Assembly, and the many technical conferences of the League. His international position is extraordinary. Everyone trusts him—no one is jealous of him. M. Albert Thomas's vigorous personality has not only imposed a remarkable standard of efficiency upon his office, but shamed not a few procrastinating Governments into ratifying conventions for improved conditions of labor.

To Señor Madariaga all of us who work for international disarmament owe a real debt of gratitude. To Sir Arthur Salter, the architect of Austrian reconstruction, of the financial schemes which saved Hungary, Greece, and Bulgaria from insolvency, and of the World Economic Conference, Europe is in no small degree indebted for the comparative tranquillity which it now enjoys.

If the calibre of the League's personnel did much to win respect for that institution, this was soon justified by the League's first encounters with grave emergencies. Many of the tasks committed to the League by the clauses of the Peace Treaties were, indeed, somewhat embarrassing. The administration of the Saar and of Danzig and the determination of the Polish-German frontier, following upon the Upper Silesian plebiscite, were among those which certainly brought no popularity to the League. It was otherwise with the unforeseen aftermath of the War. Dr. Nansen's achievement in restoring to their homes, from 1920 to 1922, 427,000 hapless prisoners of war, scattered through Russia and Central Europe, was a great human service swiftly—and economically—discharged, which made it no longer possible to judge the League purely by political prejudices or preferences.

In 1921 began, under Dr. Nansen's guidance, the task which soon

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became a Herculean one, of providing food, medical attention, and ultimately work and homes, for hundreds and thousands of Russian and Armenian refugees. His dramatic appeal to the Assembly in 1922 to come to the aid of the panic-stricken fugitives from Asia Minor, when news of the burning of Smyrna came to Geneva, will not soon be forgotten in the annals of the League.

It is now possible to look back upon a great work of mercy almost completed, for of 1,500,000 refugees in Greece all but a few are now settled in towns or on the land and furnished with productive employment. It was, then, a League to which a vast number of human beings already owed their safety, if not their very lives, that in the four years from 1922 to 1926 faced, one after another, the political crises likely to lead to war, which, under the terms of its Covenant, were referred to it for peaceful settlement. There is hardly a single international frontier between the Baltic Sea and the Near East concerning which the Council was not called upon to mediate, or arbitrate, or conciliate.

THE first threat of its enforcing sanctions to stop aggression availed to arrest Yugoslav incursions into Albania in 1921. In the next year its judgment upon the sovereignty exercised over the Aaland Islands was accepted by Finland and Sweden. Its minor interventions between Czechoslovakia and Poland, between Austria and Hungary, and upon several of the Balkan frontiers were no less successful. The régime which it established for the much contested city of Memel was accepted as a model for a great international port. The Council promptly arrested hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria in October, 1925, and its settlement of the Mosul frontier between Turkey, Iraq, and the British Empire did much to establish its prestige as a pacific agency among the Great Powers.

If it failed to secure a satisfactory settlement in the matter of the Vilna controversy, if it did not obtain complete justice in the crises which culminated in the Italian bombardment of Corfu in 1923, Mr. Baldwin, is, I believe, right in insisting, as he has often done, that it was due to the pressure of the League and its power to focus public opinion upon the contending parties that neither conflict degenerated into war.

More convincing, probably, to the unbiased observer of international politics than the negative successes of the League of Nations in stopping a recrudescence of fighting in a war-weary world was the remarkable constructive work to which I have alluded. The Financial Conference of Brussels in 1920 had far-reaching effects in winning over the majority of European Governments to a system of sound public finance after the inflation and disorganization of the War period. But its virtues appeared to many theoretic. Severely practical was the finan-

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cial restoration of Austria, begun, after the Allies had despaired of the task, in October, 1922, and completed in a couple of years.

To this achievement of good European statesmanship, which saved Central Europe from an unknown extent of economic ruin and revolutionary chaos, I trace the beginning of that most encouraging confidence of great British and American financiers in the League, which made it comparatively easy in future for it to raise or guarantee loans for such purposes as the financial rehabilitation of Hungary or the settlement of the refugees in Greece and Bulgaria. The last three years of the League's work have—doubtless as a result of this increased confidence both of financiers, Governments, and public opinion—borne valuable fruit in the promotion of coöperation in almost all the spheres in which Governments stand in need of mutual assistance, from the organization of communications and transit to the mobilization of medical science in the interests of the health of all nations.

THE World Economic Conference of 1927 is, perhaps, the greatest example of this new conception of world-wide coöperation in action. But it by no means stands alone. The International Labor Organization has been equally active, and it can now point to twenty-seven International Conventions which have received 362 ratifications, and to at least as many recommendations accepted in the interests of just and humane conditions of labor, and to 700 laws passed by various national legislatures as the consequence of its endeavors.

It is not enough to organize the routine of peace. I am the last to depreciate continuous and consistent coöperation by Governments through the League in such matters as through traffic on railways; simplifying customs formalities; withstanding the spread of disease; the betterment of trade; the protection of any class of human beings which is exploited upon an international scale; or any such useful purpose. But I cannot believe that even the cumulative result of these useful and necessary measures will suffice to deter nations steeped in age-long rivalries from going to war, once national passions have been roused.

The knowledge that the League, even as it is at present constituted, provides ample opportunities for seeking a peaceful solution for any international difficulty is, of course, a powerful deterrent to war, provided these alternative methods of settlement are well known to the public and provided they are trusted.

But it is vital that supporters of the League should not live in a fool's paradise. Let us boldly look the chief danger to the League in the face. How can ordinary people be expected to have that confidence in the League's power to effect a just settlement which some of us have, even if the means of pacific settlement are improved, as I hope to see them improved, so long as members of the League as a whole, and particu-

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larly its most powerful members, are armed to the teeth? I have been attacked for lack of judgment because I insist, in and out of season, upon the need of making Article 8 of the League's Covenant really effective—that is, upon reducing the armaments of the world so considerably that all may see that they are not intended for attack according to the old laws of the jungle. But I remain more than ever convinced that what saps the faith of the multitude in the League, as it exists after these ten encouraging years of life and work, is the sense that the Governments composing it are insincere, and insincere because they are perpetually prepared for war.

There is no need to exaggerate the actual strength of naval, military, or air armaments of a particular power. It is perfectly true that the British Army, for instance, has been reduced, even compared with its pre-War standard. Even though concrete expression has yet to be given to the abandonment of rivalry between the British and American fleets (which in their heart of hearts all good Englishmen and all good Americans desire), still, something has been done in that direction by the Washington Treaties, and we have declared definitely against competition with America. I know, too, that the numbers of the conscript armies of France, Belgium, and several other European states have been reduced.

BUT I believe a skilled and observant critic could point to increases in efficiency which for strategic purposes more than make up for any diminution in numbers or in the size of the ships. This is abundantly true of the air forces of the world, where the danger to be feared comes not so much from the number and size of aëroplanes as from the increase in speed and horse power during the last two years. It is no exaggeration to say that there is a beginning of a race in air armaments, at least so far as quality and technique are concerned, very comparable to the old race in naval armaments.

To renounce war as an instrument of national policy and thereby to fortify very greatly the Covenant system for the prevention of war is all to the good. But, as has been said often enough on both sides of the Atlantic, reduction of armaments is undoubtedly the acid test of sincerity for countries that accept the Kellogg Pact. It is, therefore, to my mind, useless for the League of Nations to multiply its efforts for the best possible organization of the community of nations in peace time if the moral foundation upon which it rests is constantly to be undermined by a suspicion of insincerity among the ordinary men and women of the world; the more so as all governmental organizations are only too apt to be suspected of ulterior motives.

It is now an old story how, since 1921, we have labored in one Commission after another, under the League of Nations, to bring about

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a general treaty for a reduction and limitation of armaments by international agreement, which is the only way by which armaments can be effectively reduced. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission, created two years ago, has done much and may do much more.

AMONG the Governments of Continental powers who have become devoted to the conscript system there is already a welcome disposition to reduce the number of men engaged upon military service at any given time, and consequently the number who would form the effective national army in an emergency, by reducing the period of service. In this direction—that is, in the gradual diminution of the annual contingent of recruits; in the reduction of the period of service; and in the restriction of military budgets and war material—there is real hope of progress. The ideal military organization of Europe would be the universal adoption of something like the Swiss system of a civic militia, which, though useful for the actual defense of territory, has never been and will never be a menace to any of its neighbors.

It is, I know, the avowed policy of Great Britain to bring about such an agreement between America and the other naval powers as will provide not only for a real equality between the English and American fleets, but for the reduction of all classes of naval vessels. Not only will such an agreement have great intrinsic value; its importance as an example for military and air reductions can hardly be overestimated. For naval disarmament by itself is no solution of the problem.

Who is there who believes that the reduction of British and American fleets would by itself make peace more secure? Its importance from the point of view of world peace is not that it will secure peace, but that without it we cannot get that general reduction of armaments which will do so. Once Britain and America are agreed, they can use their great influence to bring about the lessening of the forces of land and air. It may well be that their coöperation might banish aëroplanes from private warfare, and leave them reserved for the maintenance of peace and order on behalf of international authority.

There is no difficulty in formulating our adequate programme of international disarmament. The great problem is to get it adopted. The policy laid down for this country at Geneva is adequate and inspiring. If we succeed in advancing arbitration, in realizing a combination of the Kellogg Pact with the Covenant, in making effective the Finnish proposal for financial assistance in time of war, in remodeling the German proposal for providing better means for the prevention of war, in doing something to control the manufacture and traffic in arms, and finally in drafting a skeleton treaty of disarmament, much will have been done. Is it too much to ask for the support of all sections of my fellow countrymen in this great and beneficent task?

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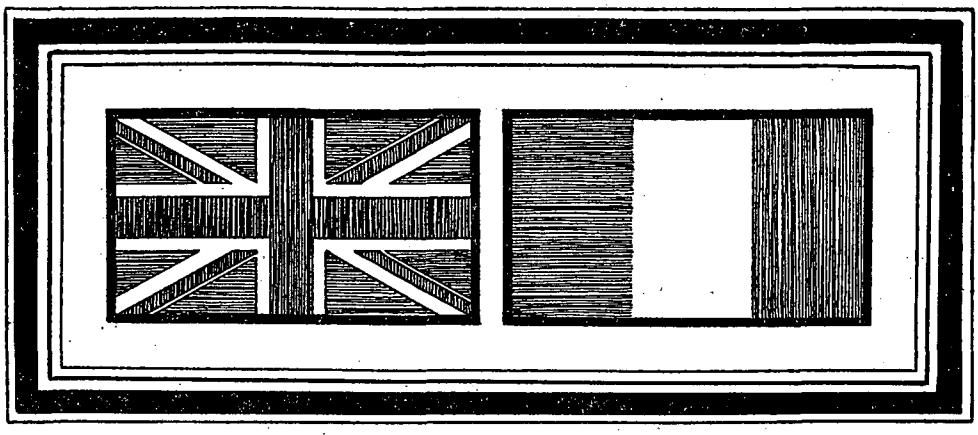

IS THE ENTENTE CORDIALE ENDED?

A Belgian in Distress

By L. Dumont-Wilden

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE is perhaps more important for the light it throws on the general orientation of European politics than for its immediate results, which are meagre and confused. It was supposed to involve the general liquidation of the War, but we are far from having achieved that end.

At first, this failure was attributed to the peevish character of Mr. Snowden, to his disdain for every tradition of diplomatic courtesy that has been maintained for better or worse in all direct negotiations between politicians; and he was held responsible for the atmosphere of battle that prevailed from the very opening day. But it is essential to remember that, if the form in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his objections was surprising in a representative of the British Government, his attitude was nevertheless supported by all England. From the point of view of British domestic politics, it was not the least of the Conservative Government's many faults that it gave the Labor Party an opportunity to reap the benefits of what all Englishmen believe to be a healthy outburst of national energy.

For that is the reality we face to-day and it is a grave reality from the broad point of view of European politics and European economics. Yet the French would be grossly deceived if they risked throwing them-

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selves somewhat inconsiderately into the arms of Germany. During the War, the absolute necessity for the Entente Cordiale became almost an article of faith in France. It involved the abandonment of many ancient national prejudices and profound sentiments, but French public opinion, with its eternal demand for a clear-cut policy, formed in its mind the image of a European system based on the loyal union of the two great democratic and liberal powers in Europe who were struggling against the industrial and military imperialism of the central empires. The Entente Cordiale, which Italy also joined, inevitably attracted all secondary powers that believed in the same peaceful European ideal. Of course, it was rather difficult to make Tsarist Russia enter into this system, but we had a confused hope that the War would transform her, and the first Russian Revolution was greeted with an almost universal cry of enthusiasm; but, after the second revolution, we cut our moral bonds with this fallen member of the ancient European system, believing that Soviet Russia had alienated herself from civilization.

THIS all too simple idea the negotiators of the Peace Treaty adopted, though in England it found many more or less active opponents among the Liberals and Laborites who had entered into the War half-heartedly. During the negotiations at Versailles President Wilson was not the only man who attempted to manœuvre the French frontier short of the Rhine, nor was he the only one to guard himself against 'exaggerating' the measures of security France would have to take to prevent a second German attack. Furthermore, London always took a warped view of the close relations that had to be maintained between France and the countries of Eastern Europe: Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. For London became haunted by the fear of what certain officious reports referred to as 'the French hegemony.'

France preferred to ignore all this. Thanks to the phlegmatic spirit of England, the manifest hostility of that country toward the French policy in the Ruhr only brought about a very brief cooling of the Entente Cordiale, and perhaps it was the French Government's desire not to irritate our British ally that caused us to retire without having won any of the hoped-for success from our policy of legitimate coercion. All this we have forgotten and the Entente with Great Britain remained the corner stone of our policy. But shall we ever be able to forget what happened at the Hague?

Of course, the incorrect language of Mr. Snowden is a matter of small importance; but does not British opinion in the whole affair provide food for thought? We are told that the English have the impression that they have not been paid what is due them. 'We are tired of having our country considered the milch cow of the Continent,' said a notorious member of the Labor Party. This kind of argument bears all

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the earmarks of local politics. It is understood, of course, that England made enormous sacrifices in the common cause, but the sacrifices of France were infinitely more terrible. England's territory was not devastated and most of the damage her merchant marine suffered has been paid for. Belgium also made immense sacrifices. And how about Italy? And how about Serbia? There was a time when England seemed to admit these sacrifices. Her delegates at Paris accepted a certain percentage for reparation of damages, and they were quite right in doing so, because England's attitude is largely responsible for the fact that Allied credit in general has suddenly fallen so low. Yet for a few million marks His Majesty's Government was prepared to overturn without further reflection a political edifice that it had labored powerfully to create. Only yesterday the matter of money never counted when it was a question of England's attempting to play a great rôle in Europe. But, to-day, the success won by Mr. Snowden indicates that this great rôle possesses only a secondary interest.

THE TRUTH is that the United Kingdom is trying to disengage itself from the continent of Europe. The legal and political bonds between the mother country and its Dominions are growing weaker and must be replaced by a profound Anglo-Saxon sentiment, fortified by solid economic armor. South Africa, Australia, and Canada, with the example of the United States before their eyes, wish to avoid European entanglements at any price. It is, therefore, the most natural thing in the world for them to regard France as a source of annoyance, since France is necessarily engaged in European affairs. The Liberals and Laborites, in whom we detect the old anti-French Puritan spirit assuming a new guise, took this step long ago, but the new element is that now the Conservatives are unable to subdue the wave of nationalistic demagogy that has been aroused.

'The conclusion, in so far as it concerns us,' said M. René Pinon in an excellent article in the *Ouest-Éclair*, 'is obvious. Let us not go on obstinately believing in the chimera of the Entente Cordiale, which is merely a deception and which, when the critical moment arises, reveals itself as ineffective and deceptive. Even the engagements undertaken at Locarno are fragile and worthless, for there is always a Snowden or a Lloyd George ready to wriggle out somehow. Moreover, even the Conservative ministers have specified that Parliament would be consulted in every circumstance. Let us not be lulled to sleep by the Locarno agreements. If the indecency of Mr. Snowden has opened our eyes to this truth, he has done us a service.'

The Germans have not failed to devote great attention to this new aspect of Anglo-French relations and they are saluting with easily understood joy the end of the Entente Cordiale and inviting us to re-

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turn to the policy of alliances and engage ourselves in a fresh Continental policy. We are reminded that the economic interests of France and Germany are much more easily reconciled than the economic interests of France and England; that the necessity to combat American protectionism makes the union of French, Belgian, and German industries almost indispensable; that the Franco-German steel and potash cartels have yielded highly satisfactory results; that intelligent Germans have never doubted their intellectual debt to France, while France entirely recognizes the influence that German philosophy, literature, and music have exercised upon her art and thought. What element in civilization, what guarantee of European peace would be so valuable to Europe and the whole world as a frank and loyal entente between these two peoples?

All of this is incontestable, but we must know whether this entente is possible and under what conditions it can be made to work. Let us admit at the outset that too much importance must not be attached to the somewhat violent and theatrical manifestations of Nationalists and advocates of racial purity. Such outbursts are balanced by pacifistic manifestations whose sincerity seems to be beyond doubt, for there is in Germany to-day a very different state of mind from the one that prevailed in 1914. But just as an entente between France and Germany before the War would have compelled France to recognize the Treaty of Frankfurt, so to-day a real Franco-German *rapprochement* would involve Germany's recognition of the Versailles Treaty. France could not recognize the Treaty of Frankfurt as long as Alsace and Lorraine were lamenting their annexation to Germany.

Although we have annexed no German population, certain German minorities are necessarily inclosed by the frontiers of Poland and Czechoslovakia, but they are relatively unimportant and have received all guarantees compatible with the security of the Polish and Czechoslovak nations. In the latter country, where the Germans form an important element, they are represented in the government, but it is always difficult for a great people, possessed of a just patriotic pride, to recognize officially its loss of power, and there are very few Germans, even pacifists, who do not demand revision of the 1919 treaties. But no matter, say our parties of the extreme left who advocate Franco-German *rapprochement* at any price, why should not the Versailles Treaty be revised if the continent of Europe can be unified at that price?

OF COURSE, no treaty is forever untouchable and no political system is eternal, but for the moment one cannot readjust the 1919 frontiers in Eastern and Central Europe without subjecting all that part of Europe to the dangers of blood and fire. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece have had grave political

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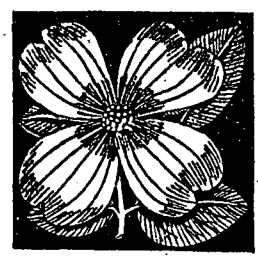
and economic difficulties to surmount. More difficulties still face them, but they are young, enthusiastic nations, and one cannot alter their frontiers without lighting a conflagration whose consequences no man can foresee. Moreover, these countries relied and still rely on the support of France, and all attempts at a close *rapprochement* between France and Germany have aroused their deep suspicions. How would they take such an upset of alliances as certain inconsiderate people are urging? Mr. Snowden's attitude at the Hague, they say, approved as it is by all England, rings the dirge of the Entente Cordiale. Possibly, but I refuse to believe that it has rung in a Franco-German entente. In order for that to be established, Germany must show good will, political wisdom, and a really European spirit, which the tone of her Press in no way reflects.

In any case, why should a pro-German policy necessarily succeed a pro-English policy? Has not the time come for an exclusively pro-French policy? England is falling back on her own resources and, if she has not adopted the attitude of splendid isolation, at least she has taken the stand of sacred egoism, just as Italy and Germany have. This attitude perhaps announces the end of all alliances and special agreements. Not only are these alliances contrary to the spirit of the League of Nations but it must also be admitted that the League has only been able to recognize them by indulging in sleight-of-hand. What is the value of these purely verbal ententes anyway? They never resist the least pressure of contradictory interests and one is obliged to lay them aside from time to time. They are not worth denouncing. They die of themselves. It is better so, but we are far from the United States of Europe. The time for that has not yet come.



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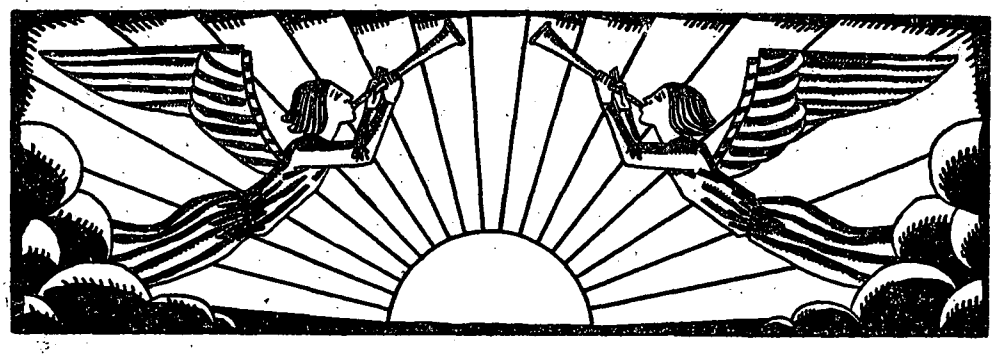

MORE ANATOLE FRANCE

Satirizing the Last Judgment

By Nicolas Ségur

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Weekly

BEFORE DINING WITH Mme. de Caillavet on the avenue Hoche, I went around early in the afternoon and had the luck to meet France descending the stairs and preparing to go out.

'Come with me to the tobacco store,' he said. 'Mme. S—— is upstairs and, as you may be aware, she smokes like a hussar. I saw that she had no cigarettes and that she was waiting vainly for some to be delivered, so I am going out to buy her a few.'

We bought the cigarettes and returned. After the other guests had departed, we descended to the dining room on the ground floor. France was as brilliant as ever, being excited by the nervous, somewhat quivering beauty of Lady L—— who had come to call and had been asked to stay for dinner.

'Mme. de Caillavet,' he said, 'forced me to attend a burial this morning and it amused me, I warrant you. Really it did, for that is the way I am made. I am mortally bored when people amuse themselves and it is therefore only natural that I should sometimes take pleasure in scenes of contrition, in scenes that make other people sad. It is the *dies irae* amusing me once again. Several hundred Parisians were there, both ladies and gentlemen, most of them indifferent toward the dead man, but all well dressed and, since they could not talk, all thinking about the two eternal subjects of thought, love and money.

When the *dies irae* dawns I shall see all of us again, fat and thin alike, on the right and the left of God, and that thought made me wish I were the dead man so that I might immediately witness that curious spectacle prophesied by David.'

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'What do you mean by immediately, sir?' asked the mistress of the house in surprise. 'We have to wait thousands of years for the Last Judgment. It is not going to take place to-morrow.'

'But, Madame,' replied France with that tone of light mockery that was habitual to him under such circumstances. 'A thousand years and a second are the same to anyone who has lost consciousness. We shall all awaken and be judged immediately after our eyes have closed in death. That is why there is no such thing as death for a Christian. For death is but a single night that passes like all other nights, but ends in eternity. Do you know how long your sleep lasts and do you notice a difference between the long nights of winter and the short summer nights? The night of death will last a second like all the rest. And imagine how curious and surprising a spectacle we shall enjoy almost the very moment we have died.'

FRANCE rubbed his hands across his face as if he had just waked up. 'Passing judgment always seemed to me excessively ridiculous. Every judgment has something farcical about it. But the Last Judgment is the most absurd of all. No, I decidedly wish to be there. It would be unpardonable to be missing.'

France was inexplicably gay during this conversation and the lady of the house soon gave us the key to his high spirits.

'He is revising a story about the Last Judgment,' she told us.

'Yes, I am burdened with sorrow,' declared the writer. 'I have lost good time revising that piece of ineptitude.'

'Don't listen to him, it has amused him enormously,' Mme. de Caillavet assured us. 'His Eternal Father is priceless.'

'To be strictly truthful,' replied France, 'Madame is mistaken. What she said is absolutely false.' And, turning toward the lady of the house tormentingly, he continued, 'Yes, Madame, false, or perhaps, not to insult you, I should say inexact. I haven't written a story about the Eternal Father but about the dramatic writer, Victorien Sardou.'

'But that is something entirely different,' said one of the ladies with a great air of assurance.

France gave one of those smiles of his that were always accompanied by a shaking of the head.

'No, in reality, it is not so different as you imagine, my charming lady. I do not know about it from an absolute point of view, but, from the point of view of human conception, there is little difference between the Eternal Father and Victorien Sardou. In fact, there is none at all. Both were creators, both produced beings in their own image; and both, after they had created these beings, retired and allowed their creatures to disentangle themselves as best they could. Can it be said that one of them is of less consequence than the other?'

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After a brief silence pregnant with ironic amusement, he continued, 'At first sight the Eternal Father seems more fertile than Sardou, but watch closely, this is merely superficial. In reality, God created only two people. Sardou, on the contrary, created incessantly. No, the palm for creating goes to Sardou. It is undeniable. The only question left is one of literary value. As to that . . .' And turning to the mistress of the house, 'Literary value? But I am not competent to pass on such matters. We should have to ask Faguet, for Faguet is a critic.'

'But why not read us your story?' suggested Mme. de Caillavet, who always wanted to make her parties as delightful as possible and loved to charm her company by drawing France out.

He refused, however, and assumed the defensive. His face suddenly put on a mask of sovereign boredom and immeasurable distress.

'Ah, no, I have had enough of those futile, idiotic pages, written I know not why. They crush me to earth. I shan't inflict reading them aloud upon you. You deserve better things. I am not so vain or so impolite.'

WE HAD to let him be, but a day or two later when he was lunching with the brother of the lady of the house, France returned to discussing his story, which was obviously occupying his mind.

'Yes, I am going to read you my story. You will see that it is completely idiotic. But I shall give it to my publishers, none the less. I do not know that Sardou inspired it, but in any case the thought of that fanatic awoke many ideas within me. I also had in mind Port Royal, and the *Molinistes*, when I was writing my tale. The doctrines of sin and grace play some part in the conception that lies behind these bizarre pages that I am about to read to you.'

France then recounted the admirable story of a certain Théodore Oliphant who for forty years had had two or three new plays produced each season. I can see him now describing his author and reading this passage aloud: 'He composed dramas, comedies, vaudeville sketches, and opera librettos. Most of his works are forgotten. But he wrote some pieces, in the most diverse genres, whose success continues and appears to be inexhaustible.'

France then quoted the criticism of a certain Porel who said: 'Alexandre Dumas created in logic, Halévy in grace, and Sardou in the fire of artifice. But Théodore created in public opinion. He was an utterly tranquil and truly moral author; in other words, he was essentially of the theatre. For, I beg you to observe, if a play deviates a millimetre above or below, to the right or to the left of public morality, it is a failure. Théodore Oliphant is the thermometer of playhouse morality. He is the dramatic author *par excellence*.'

Here France interrupted his reading.

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'You see,' he remarked to me, 'it is almost Sardou but I want to convince my readers that it is not Sardou and that I have not got him in mind. I have therefore resorted to an infallible trick. I myself affirm that I am not painting a resemblance of Sardou, for Sardou is thin and this man is fat. Physical matters are so much more important than moral matters in the eyes of the world that the reader is thrown off the scent.'

France continued intoning his phrases as he read. 'The figure of Théodore Oliphant is as well known as that of Victorien Sardou, with which it offers a complete contrast. The latter has a mobile face, black lively eyes, a sinuous mouth, and a youthful air. Oliphant has a placid face, smooth cheeks, and blue eyes. His long hair and his beard always look wind-blown. No one remembers his ever looking young and Jules Claretie assures us that this celebrated dramatic artist has not changed since he first knew him.'

France continued to describe the dramatic genius of Oliphant, which permanently conforms to the delicate social body that forms the theatrical public. Finally he arrived at the following phrase: 'One feels that all is not over when the curtain falls.' France stopped. 'Doesn't my Oliphant begin to resemble the Eternal Father here? You understand, you who know Greek, why people suddenly stopped calling him Théodore but addressed him as Théo instead.'

I PASS over the more humorous passages in which France describes how many characters his author created. Molière created 401 characters, not counting his supernumeraries. Shakespeare created 1,225 characters, many of whom say nothing and a very great number of whom are incapable of speaking separately since they are part of a crowd. But Oliphant created 2,029 people of every age, condition, and character, 'for the luxurious, the proud, the humble, the violent, the pacific, the strong, the weak, the good, the bad—all are to be found in his work.' Comparing Oliphant with Caldéron, with Lope and Scribe, France spoke of his hero's mania for living a solitary life.

'Porel and Jules Claretie, whether through indiscretion or ignorance, say nothing of his habits and his private life. They only say that he is very laborious. He lives at the end of the earth, that is to say, on the rue du Chemin-Vert, in a great house flanked by a courtyard, and a garden. He lives here very secretly with his son and with a parrakeet, said to be as old as he is, and an old spinster named Stella who is supposed to be a relation, and his servant Michel.'

France stopped; evidently this passage amused him. 'You will say that the resemblance of my character to the Eternal Father is becoming flagrant. Not at all. The mark of Jehovah is still lacking. God does not exist where there is no devil. But the devil is here, too, or rather, he is

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going to appear.' And slowly uttering his phrases in a liturgical, nasal tone, France continued, 'He was only known to have one friend, Prudent Lenoir, a great devil of a fellow with a forked beard who occupied himself with various businesses and was seen a little bit everywhere. Lenoir did not frequent the rue du Chemin-Vert, but, when Oliphant had a play produced, he saw his friend in the café of the theatre. Lenoir talked to him and contradicted him, thus making himself very useful.

IN 1903, when Oliphant was peacefully enjoying a robust old age, he undertook to publish his entire theatrical output at the request of the firm of Calmann and Lévy. "That would be forty volumes," he said.

'M. Gaston Calmann replied with a smile, "I would like it better if it were four hundred."

'Prudent Lenoir gave a lot of time to preparing this edition of his friend's works. But, under the pretext of correcting the proofs, he smeared up the pages and jumbled the illustrations. Gaston Calmann, who is goodness personified, complained bitterly and said to me at least a hundred times, "Oliphant and Lenoir pay no attention to each other and can't understand each other. What one of them does the other undoes. Oliphant is a creative genius of incomparable power, but Lenoir has the critical spirit."

'One day, finding myself at the office of Calmann and Lévy, I discovered Lenoir visiting them, too, with a set of proofs that he had corrected in a most bizarre fashion. He was saying to the editors, "Théo"—that is the name by which he ordinarily called his friend Oliphant—"Théo is contemplating his work and will be driven crazy as a result."

'Gaston Calmann attached no importance to this tale, but, for my part, I was amazed.'

France then explained how Théodore Oliphant, who never received anybody in his house, had hung its walls and ceilings with 2,029 dolls representing the characters in his plays. Oliphant was imitating Ponson du Terrail, whose desk was littered with marionettes that grotesquely resembled the characters in his novels. In this way he knew where each of his characters was, for, whenever one of them died, he would throw the manikin into his waste basket. But Théodore Oliphant's dolls wore another aspect. They played a different rôle and, I may even say, led a different existence. They were themselves full of life and expression and their author, far from casting them aside when he had no more need of them, would fix his attention upon them, guarding them carefully as the images of his thought.

When he resolved to issue a complete edition of his works, Oliphant contemplated his dolls with much more attention, and one day he explained this solicitude to his son and to Stella.

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'"The Parisian publishers, Calmann and Lévy," he said, "are publishing my complete works. They will be a monument to me as a poet and dramatist. To carry the work through, I shall not do as Alexandre Dumas *fils* did and write a preface full of laborious brutality or paradoxical banality. I shall not put so much as a morsel of anecdotal philosophy in front of any of them. I shall write no prefaces, not even one, but I shall write a 'post-face' that will be the moral conclusion of my work. In it I shall judge my entire creation." Having spoken thus, he contemplated his work and murmured from the depths of his contemplation for hour after hour, "I am the dramatist," and the parrakeet repeated, "I am the dramatist," and Michel dusted the dolls.

'At last he opened a great book and seized his pen. "I must write the 'post-face.' I must judge my creations. I must separate the good from the bad. Michel, you are going to unhook my dolls and present them to me one after the other. You will put the good ones on my right and the bad ones on my left. You understand?"

'Michel, being a faithful old soul, stood motionless, saying nothing.'

France interrupted himself. 'Here, obviously, is the Last Judgment.' And then continued reading how Michel at the command of the dramatist unhooked and carried to him doll number seventeen.

'It was Terracotta from the *Mystère des Calabres*, drama in five acts and eight scenes, presented in 1859 in the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. He had a swarthy complexion and dark, bloodshot eyes, and he wore velvet knickerbockers. "A traitor," shouted Théodore Oliphant, "and, I may say, the blackest of traitors."

NO SOONER had the dramatist spoken than he heard a shout of laughter. He turned and saw Lenoir peering over his armchair. No one knows how Lenoir had entered, but, in spite of the fact that the door of the house was carefully guarded, Lenoir had somehow glided in unobserved, for he was a subtle fellow. As for the dramatist, he was not greatly surprised.

' "A traitor and that is all that there is to it," Oliphant repeated forcefully. "Treason is so abominable a crime that one needs only to be suspected of it to be condemned. Its very appearance cannot be supported. Michel, precipitate Terracotta to my left."

' "To my left," repeated the parrakeet.

'Michel obeyed.

'Lenoir then demanded if he might ask a question.

' "Do so."

' "Didn't you create him?"

' "Terracotta? Undoubtedly. What do you think?"

' "And he was a traitor?"

' "A traitor and a spy. For six crowns he delivered the outlaw,

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Prospero de Santa Croce, to the myrmidons. He perfidiously tricked young Beatrice, a perfect angel, into the dive of an infamous procuress."

' "Didn't you give him the qualities he needed to do that?"

' "Undoubtedly. I am a dramatist and I reply to you that I create and prepare situations. Terracotta was a traitor when he was being nursed at the breast of his mother, Barbara Fedo, the Neapolitan poisoner."

' "What would have happened if Terracotta had not been a traitor? What would have happened if he had not delivered the Marquis Prospero de Santa Croce to the myrmidons and Beatrice to the procuress of the Brogo?"

' "What would have happened? Don't you see how limited and unsatisfactory it would have been? The Marquis de Santa Croce would not have been imprisoned in the Château de l'Œuf and he would not have released the heroic and unfortunate Blanco from his chains and the touching Beatrice would not have found her faithful lover, the young Eusebio, in the dives of Naples. What have you to say to that?"

' "Nothing." '

Laying the manuscript aside for a moment France said, 'That, in short, is the irrefutable argument, but it is an old one.'

HE THEN continued to read to us how Oliphant demanded that Michel bring to him other characters from his work, M. du Fournel, then Mme. Mabauvielle, 'who almost took a lover, but only because of her conjugal love and her desire to regain the love of her husband,' and finally Clotilde de Malpers. He read with pleasure the description of this character, who was number 168.

'The dramatist seized her in his powerful hand and gazed long upon her. She was elegantly gowned in the style of 1850. Her great red hat covered with speckled ribbons made her pretty, pale face look like a jewel set in a jewel box, half-hidden by a black veil with a bluish glow to it. Her chaste eyelashes fell like curtains over the amorous pupils of her eyes. She was a charming creature in her mauve dress with its flying festoons, and her white bell-shaped skirts lent an air of mystery to her seductive figure. As soon as you came near her you lived in the hope of being able to catch a glimpse of the bottom of one of her white stockings.

' "There is a perverse woman!" cried the dramatist. "Her husband adored her and worked night and day to minister to her luxury, yet she deceived him. No one can enumerate the duels, suicides, ruined lives of which she was the cause. One of her smiles was enough to make the honest cashier, Peticot, become a thief and forger. One of her looks inspired Vicomte d'Orgemaille, her lover, with the fatal resolution to use marked cards when he played with his friends. And after she had

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brought death and dishonor to all those about her, she maintained her social position through the support of General Pamart, aid-de-camp to the Empress. She had bewitched the old man. Such a bad creature ought to be punished. Michel, put Clotilde at my left."

' "At my left," said the parrakeet.

' "But there is a lot to be said for this woman," objected Lenoir.

' "In what sense?" demanded Oliphant.

' "In every sense. Didn't you make her seductive?"

' "Very seductive. I gave her eyes, lips, and a body that would lead a saint to damnation."

' "I thought so. You put in her a little thing, a very little thing, almost nothing, yet it is what causes life to be incessantly reborn and unceasingly re-creates the universe."

' "You mean by that sex appeal?"

' "Precisely. And you expect a little girl with all that in her not to render most of the imbeciles that she meets crazy, stupid, and furious? It is unreasonable."

' "You don't defend her, I hope?"

' "No, but you have given her the instincts and charms of her sex. Do not reproach her for having acted according to her instincts and having exercised her attractions. Théo, Théo, if your creatures suddenly went back on their natures and origins, if they resisted the forces that had determined them, if the traitor became loyal and the wife innocent, what would all your creatures be worth? You would then be justified in complaining that your characters had revolted and had ruined your play. But if you are really the creator of your characters, you must approve of their thinking and acting in accordance with their nature."

' "Lenoir," cried the dramatist, "I suspect you are the Devil."

' "If I am the Devil," replied Lenoir, "aren't you . . .?"

'He said no more. A heavy smoke obscured the study and suddenly great flames enveloped the dolls. A curtain of fire licked up the four walls and the marionettes that hung from the ceiling rained down from above.

'The Last Judgment!

'The next day the newspapers announced that Théodore Oliphant's house had been reduced to cinders and that in the débris only a few charred bones had been found.'

FRANCE removed his spectacles and suddenly appeared to be overwhelmed. 'There it is—you wanted it. Don't recriminate. Don't accuse the writer of being stupid. You wanted me to read it.'

We expressed our pleasure.

'It is a farce,' said France, 'but it seemed to me much more pleasant before it was written.'

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'You make fun of the Eternal Lord,' said the brother of the lady of the house with a great laugh.

'Yes, I have shot a pigmy's arrow into the heavens like Nimrod and it has come back to me without even a drop of blood upon it,' replied France.

We departed and my wife and I accompanied the author to his house. He was going to get dressed before dining in town with Mme. de Caillavet. When we arrived at the entrance of the obscure rue Pergolèse, he saluted us with a smile and gesture and then disappeared behind the iron grille of the little Villa Saïd.

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BACK FROM THE ARGENTINE

By Arturo Labriola

Translated from *L'Ère Nouvelle,* Paris Left-Wing Daily

THE AUTHOR of this article was formerly mayor of Naples, but, owing to his opposition to the Fascist government, he now spends most of his time in France, contributing to the liberal and radical Press. He has just returned from a visit to South America.

IT IS obvious that the financial and industrial expansion of the United States explains our interest in South American problems. We find ourselves asking what would happen if the United States gained mastery of the entire New World, and for that reason we are vitally interested in how much resistance the Latin republics of South America can offer.

It may be, however, that this way of putting the question will not appeal to the tastes of South Americans. I have just returned from several months in the Argentine and can testify to the irritation and surprise that such an idea gives them. For South Americans have no desire to make themselves the implements of European rancor.

Just as they refuse to be swept away in the torrent of gold that North American plutocracy is showering upon them, so they will also refuse to become a rampart against the Yankee conquest as Europeans wish them to. Their pride and self-respect command them to evolve an independent form of Western civilization, a special manifestation which they wish to develop with only their own interests and their own destiny

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in view. But how much better it would be for Western Europe if Latin America, in serving her own cause, could also protect the interests of Europe, which American expansion is threatening more and more every day.

HOWEVER, the South Americans do not feel called upon by fate or by character to exercise this function. They wish to obey the voice of their own nature and will allow themselves to be ruled only by their own desire for power. The Argentines, for instance, draw our attention to their demographic formation and thus prove that their moral independence has nothing to fear from this flood of dollars that one hears mentioned so often. Slavs, Germans, Latins, Anglo-Saxons—all their various immigrants must resign themselves to becoming Argentines. The Spaniards have imposed their language, but they may well be considered the least dominating factor in Argentine life. The Italians are obviously the most important numerical element in the national synthesis of the Argentine, but they are forced to accept the customs and language of the place and merge themselves with the others.

There is reason to believe that American dollars will do likewise. Business men from the United States buy everything offered for sale and more besides. Perhaps some day the railroad from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso will fall into their hands; already the port of Buenos Aires and its abattoirs—the largest abattoirs in the world—are owned by Anglo-American capital. But all this only goes to enrich the country; in other words, to offer means for the development of its immense wealth and thus help it to discover the roots of its own nature and its own genius. From the economic point of view the Argentine, to mention one country only, is still in the first stages of its history. The regular exploitation of its natural wealth has only begun.

In short, American capital is a kind of instrument for Argentine penetration of the Argentine, and, on the day when the Argentine will have acquired mastery over all its economic forces, American capital will find itself in the same position as the European immigrant and will be obliged to become Argentine and to accommodate itself to the circumstances of a new existence. This prophecy is perhaps vague and ambitious, but the Argentines announce it with such an air of self-confidence that one realizes that it is a force to reckon with.

THE Argentines have no fear of being absorbed, for their nature and the Anglo-Saxon nature are utterly different. Nothing is more remote from the Argentine spirit than dry Puritanism. The exclusiveness, self-sufficiency, and trickery of the North American is revolting to the Argentine, who may be too self-confident but who is thoroughly

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liberal. One could well say that there is a vertical opposition between the Argentine and the American conceptions of civilization. In North America everything is done by individual effort and its civilization is an unconscious product of the sum total of all individual efforts. In South America the idea of a plan appears, the idea of collectivity. This idea has given rise to a rather puerile weakness for all kinds of foreign novelties, a nervous curiosity to enjoy new experiences and a great confidence in all manifestations of intellectual culture.

This contrast is more evident in the conception of daily life held in the two Americas. Work for work's sake, money for money's sake remains the Anglo-Saxon cult. But, with the Argentine, his need for pleasure balances the efforts he puts into his work. Moreover, there is one characteristic common to all South Americans, the idea of making a lot of money in order to be able to spend a lot. This often leads to waste and short-sightedness, but there is an Hellenic element in such a conception of life that immediately impresses the well disposed observer and the artistic preoccupations of Argentine and Uruguayan citizens support this view.

If the United States continues to supply money while the Argentine preserves this spirit, the problem of the two Americas is very different from what we imagine it to be and the Argentine has no service to render to Europe. She has only to guard her moral independence. In so far as she remains true to herself, she will serve the cause of Europe. We have learned much from North America, especially in the field of industry and economic organization. The disdain we show toward South America is unjustified. That continent is undergoing experiences which some day, perhaps, will be most useful to us.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Another 'Missing Link'

A FEW FOSSILIZED BONES and teeth, scattered in an old limestone bed within a few miles of Peking, have been established by scientists as the remains of an Old-Stone-Age man who comes closer to being the famous missing link than anything we have yet discovered. The chain of bones by which we trace our descent is well distributed geographically. The Piltdown Man was unearthed in England in 1912, and the Java Ape Man was found in central Java by the Dutch army surgeon, Dubois, in 1891. But the discovery in China of *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*, or 'Peking Man,' as he is called, overshadows the two former finds. He is believed to belong to the same geological age as the others, but seems to be much more human, with his well-developed skull and teeth, and it is this human resemblance that seems to place him definitely in the main line of man's development.

The credit for this discovery is due to a group of internationally known scientists who have been working on the site for the past few years. In 1926 Dr. J. G. Andersson, Swedish adviser to the Chinese Geological Survey, began to excavate a veritable mine of prehistoric animals' remains that had been washed into the fissures of a cavernous limestone bed at a place called Choukoutien, in the hills southwest of Peking. The first clues to human presence in the solid, lime-cemented mass of bones were numerous quartz chips which roughly suggested the implements of primitive man. When the excavated materials were taken back to Upsala, in Sweden, for laboratory comparison, two molar teeth of human type were found among them. A third tooth, a perfect molar from a child about nine years old, was compared with the corresponding tooth of a modern Chinese child of the same age and showed that the scientists had stumbled on the remains of a type that was neither ape nor yet man.

The discovery of this molar, which has been called 'the most important tooth in the world,' was made by a young Swedish scientist, Dr. Birger Bohlin, who experienced many difficulties in conducting archæological excavations in modern China. For six months he worked alone at the site without finding a single trace of human remains. Furthermore, his site became the battleground of a Chinese civil war, and he could hear the sound of artillery around him as he dug. Although repeatedly ordered to return to Peking because of the dangerous bandits who roamed the countryside, he persisted until he found the precious tooth that made him famous. During his twenty-five-mile rickshaw journey to Peking, soldiers continually stopped and searched him, but, fortunately for science, they were not interested in an old tooth.

Last winter Dr. Bohlin made a second important discovery, on the day before he left the site. Some loose sand that had been thrown out of the excavations yielded a jaw with some teeth still in place. Since then, parts of several skeletons have been found, chiefly jaws and teeth, as well as a brain case and what may prove to be a leg. The scientists hope to collect a complete skeleton and thus assemble the first Eolithic, or Old-Stone-Age, skeleton that we have.

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According to the opinion of Dr. Grabau, for eighteen years a professor of Paleontology at the University of Columbia, these discoveries constitute 'the most important find of early human remains yet made. The "Peking Man" is more entitled to be regarded as the missing link than anything previously found.' Some of the reasons he gives are the significant location of the find on the eastern end of the Eurasiatic continent; the wealth of contemporaneous material found with it which can be definitely fixed in geologic time; and the more human character of the teeth as compared with those of the Piltdown Man.

Many scientists agree in calling Central Asia the cradle of man, but Dr. Grabau goes so far as to localize that cradle in the Sin-Kiang Basin. Highly developed apes once roamed a great forest that stretched from India far into Central Asia, but twenty million years ago the Himalayas arose and divided their habitation. In consequence the apes living in the forests of the south continued along their old lines, because their environment remained the same, but those dwelling northward of the barrier had to develop or die, as their forests disappeared and their land became barren and cold. Animals gradually became men, and it is one of those evolving creatures who died a million years ago that is now called the 'Peking Man.' That is, if we believe what the scientists tell us.

Turgenev Self-Revealed

HOW THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT of Turgenev went cold is recorded in a book recently found by a Norwegian collector in an antiquarian shop in Oslo. It is one of those psychological albums, so popular in nineteenth-century Russia, that contained questionnaires which their owners answered at different periods of their lives. This particular book, the property of Ivan Turgenev, the most orderly, measured, and occidental of all the great Russian novelists, contains a brief description of his tastes at the ages of forty-two and sixty-two.

Some of the questions and answers are as follows:—

What do you regard as the highest virtue? 1860: Frankness. 1880: Youth.

What quality do you appreciate most in man? 1860: Kindness. 1880: To be twenty-five years old.

And in women? 1860: Sympathy. 1880: To be eighteen.

What is your chief characteristic? 1860: Laziness. 1880: The same.

What do you consider the greatest good fortune? 1860: Perfect health. 1880: To be able to stop working.

What do you consider the worst misfortune? 1860: Blindness. 1880: To have to keep on working.

What is your favorite color? 1860: Celestial blue. 1880: Gray.

What is your favorite flower? 1860: Narcissus. 1880: Cauliflower.

Your favorite author? 1860: Cervantes. 1880: No one; I no longer read.

Your favorite poets? 1860: Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe. 1880: No one; I'm tired of poetry.

What painter and composer do you prefer? 1860: Rembrandt and Mozart. 1880: I prefer not to see or hear any.

Your favorite food? 1860: Meat and champagne. 1880: Something I can digest.

What do you hate the most? 1860: Lice. 1880: Invitations.

What is your motto? 1860: *Per aspera ad astra!* 1880: Sleep well.

Buddhism Abroad

AN EMINENT GERMAN SCHOLAR, who has become a Buddhist priest under the name of Tokusho, will soon be instrumental in effecting a substantial interpretation of the Buddhist religion to the West. His name is Professor Petzold and twenty years ago he went to Japan, where he became interested in Buddhism but was told by its authorities that he could not penetrate fully into its mysteries unless he became a priest. Although it may look like Teutonic thoroughness, it was undoubtedly a sincere love for the truths of Buddhism that induced him to take vows in 1920 and enter the Tendai sect, whose rites

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were observed at the beautiful Zenko Temple in Shinshu. Since then Professor Petzold has worked steadily on the history of the sect and its founder, and spends his summers on Mount Hiei, where the main temple of the sect is situated.

His work is about to be made available to English readers through a new society called the German-Japanese Association for Research in Buddhism that has been organized by prominent Germans and Japanese in Tokyo. At present, Mahayana Buddhism is interesting a number of scholars in various parts of the world. A society for research in it has been recently formed in Frankfurt and a Franco-Japanese association is about to be established in Paris. But Japan, the only nation in which Mahayana Buddhism was developed and perpetuated, is the natural centre for its study, and the society just formed in Tokyo has undertaken an ambitious programme 'to internationalize Mahayana Buddhism.'

Their first task will be the publication of six volumes containing the results of Professor Petzold's studies, as well as a book of his miscellaneous essays, all of which will be published later in English by some Tokyo firm. The association will also undertake to translate all the important papers on Buddhism into Japanese, German, and English; it will assist exchanges of professors, and establish a separate institute for the study of the language, art, literature, history, and doctrines of Buddhism.

A New French Entertainer

WHEN THE FORMER FRENCH song-writer, Aristide Bruant, left his cabaret in the Boulevard Rochechouart in 1924, and, as an old man of seventy-five, dressed for the last time in the traditional suit of black velvet with red tie and appeared for eight days at a music hall, the performance he gave wa a nostalgic summary of a dead generas tion. The life of Paris is synthetized in the facile couplets that satirize everything from reparations to sun baths. It is a tradition that dates from the days of Villon and Béranger, and Aristide Bruant had become by his songs a symbol for the Paris that old gentlemen weep for.

When he died, pessimists predicted that the current of popular song would dry up and disappear in modern Paris. But to-day, besides Maurice Chevalier, who caters to Anglo-American audiences and has even made a trip to the United States, Bruant has a worthy but feminine successor named Damia, a realistic *vedette* who weaves allusions in succinct paragraphs plentifully shot through with French argot.

This argot is no longer confined to the outer fringe of the city. Thanks to the phonograph and radio it is spoken on the wide boulevards of exclusive districts and inside of two hundred thousand-franc automobiles. Nothing can stop the progress of an idiom that is supported by modern literature and the younger generation. Damia uses this slang naturally and vehemently. In the Bouffes du Nord Theatre, where she is acting at the present time, her appearance is greeted by tremendous bursts of applause. The Bouffes du Nord is a precinct show house in that outer zone of boulevards that is reminiscent on a Saturday night of brawls between Arabian laborers. It is a poorly lighted, noisy district, where one hears the whistles of the trains departing from the Gare du Nord for Calais or Warsaw.

Damia appears in the third act of some little skit. The audience, some wearing caps and smoking lazily, lean forward. A long, graceful figure undulates and sings in the spotlight. Gravely beautiful, with posed maturity, she sings in a silence that is charged with suppressed excitement. *La Rue sans joie*, *La Cafarde*, *La Veuve*—bitterness and desolation. Daily tragedies that are well understood by the audience, sung in a language that they use, and that pleases them. Songs of love, jealousy, and the guillotine, in which may appear the Seine, the Government, the Medical Legal Institute, and the despair of a youth of Belleville who

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committed murder because of the cold glances he received from a certain pair of blue eyes.

Disavowing the 'Hymn of Hate'

Ernst Lissauer, the German poet whose 'Hymn of Hate' against England attracted such wide attention during the War, now wishes he hadn't done it. 'I wrote that poem,' he says, 'in the honest belief, strengthened by the utterances of English statesmen and newspapers, that England meant to throttle the German people. Since then it has become known that England several times offered Germany an alliance and that she was prepared to buy limitation of the German fleet with substantial colonial concessions.'

But a brother poet of Herr Lissauer, bearing the suspicious name of Baron Börries von Münchhausen, still approves of the work:—

> I still find the 'Hymn of Hate' a perfectly splendid poem, splendid in its passionate rhythm, in its Old Testament hatred, in the flashing energy with which it expressed the wrath of a whole nation. Lissauer was at that time the mouthpiece of the nation, and I know of nothing loftier that can be said of a poet.
>
> Since then this hatred has evaporated, and the passionate ideas which it inspired are felt to be overwrought. But what has that got to do with the value of the poem? I would respectfully advise the author to stand valiantly by that 'Hymn of Hate,' just as one stands by a love poem, even after the love which inspired it has long since died down. A poem, to be good, need not be right, provided it expresses genuine emotions profoundly experienced at the time of its creation.

The Baron also became an expert hater during the War, and, though he admits that his militant emotions have long since died, he prides himself on having refused to expunge them from any of the thirty-three editions of his collected works that have appeared since 1922. Lissauer, on the other hand, wishes his hate could be turned into love:—

> I also realize to-day that I would have done better to give vent to my feelings, not in a 'Hymn of Hate' against England, but in a 'Hymn of Love' for Germany. It is painful to me to find my name still always associated with killing and destroying, although . . . my ideals are purely constructive and creative.

The British Press has treated the whole affair with its customary good-humored superciliousness and even the *Morning Post* feels that the old 'Hymn of Hate' has a lot to be said for it:—

> Such a creation as the 'Hymn of Hate' no longer belongs to the author. It is an historic document. For, good or ill, it is on the record. On the other hand, the author may well wish to forget such an exercise as the relic of a creed outworn. In that event, however, Herr Ernst Lissauer may comfort himself. Though his 'Hymn of Hate' was intended to intensify and embitter hostility, and though it may have had that effect among his own countrymen, it made a very different impression in the enemy land. Nothing contributed more to a much-needed comic relief from the tragedy of the War than this 'perfectly splendid poem,' which seemed so successfully to transform the terrible into the ridiculous. Herr Lissauer's misgivings do him credit; but, as far as this country is concerned, he can dismiss them.

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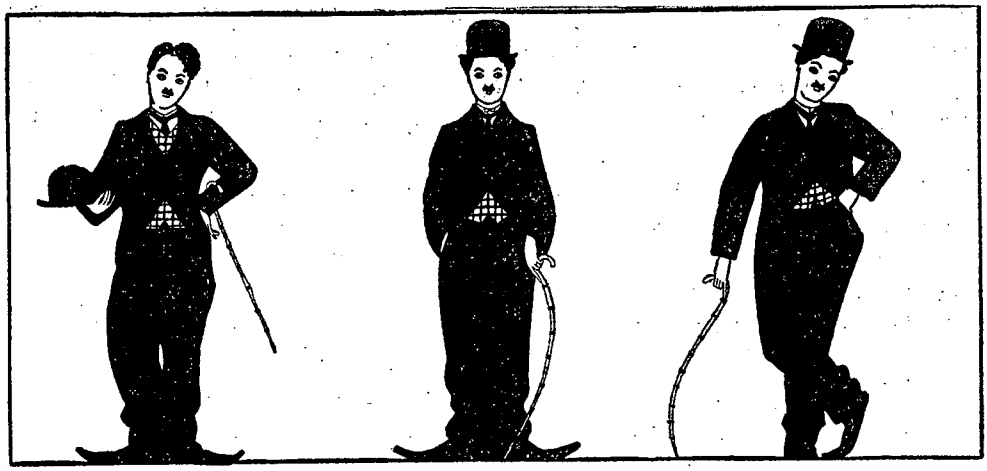

I WORK WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Hollywood through German Eyes

By Egon Erwin Kisch

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*

CHARLIE? Yes, we can stop and see him if you want to.' Naturally, I wanted to, for he is one of those chosen spirits who will prevent America from meeting the fate that befell Sodom and Gomorrah. The man who asked me this question is another chosen spirit—Upton Sinclair. We were near one of the big film studios in Hollywood where Sinclair had parked his car. 'Charlie? Yes, we can stop and see him if you want to.'

I replied that I had long cherished the desire to meet him, and that yesterday one of the film magnates had told me that all attempts to see Charlie were bound to end in failure, but that every braggart in Hollywood boasted of being Charlie's friend on the strength of having once seen him eating dinner in Henri's restaurant.

'Yes, he is terribly pursued,' said Sinclair. 'Every day more than a hundred people come to see him for all sorts of reasons.'

Sinclair drew up his car at the corner of Longpré Avenue and La Brea Avenue before a group of red-roofed houses. Nothing about them suggested a film studio, for Hollywood film studios are gigantic structures surrounded by walls with iron grille gates and janitors. Here,

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however, was simply a small metal tablet saying 'Chaplin Studios.' We entered an office where there was a girl who divided her time between answering the telephone and typing correspondence. We went by her into the waiting room, where two men greeted Sinclair, one of whom presently said, 'There comes the boss.'

The boss—the old man—the chief—we turned to look at him, to look at Charlie Chaplin.

'Hello, Upton,' he cried out. 'How does it happen that you are letting us see you again?'

Sinclair said something about the guest he had brought with him.

'That's fine,' replied Charlie Chaplin and we shook hands.

He was busy working on a new film, *City Lights*, but 'Now we've come to a dead stop and can't seem to get any further. Won't you help me, Upton?'

As if we could possibly help Charlie Chaplin!

BUT THE man we see is not the same Charlie Chaplin that appears in the films. He is fresh from his work, to be sure, but he has not actually been playing. He hasn't got his battered little derby, his bamboo cane, or his black moustache. Furthermore, his shoes are not so amusing or so ridiculous as they appear to be in the films. They shuffle as he walks and they are dirty and a little too big for him, but they are regular shoes. Their cosmic significance is due entirely to the art of their possessor, who now takes us, since we are going to help him, into the projection room. At once the shoes become inconspicuous and their wearer seems only a little flat-footed. He puts on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, for he is so far-sighted that he cannot even write his name without them.

As we sit waiting in the projection room, while the film is being prepared, Charlie Chaplin plays a tune called 'Violetera' on a harmonium and sings imaginary Spanish words to it. He invites me to come to his house, where he will play his organ for me.

But now the time has come for us to see the film. Only a quarter of it is ready and a great deal of that has been changed and cut, but anyway the show commences.

During the incident of the watch chain, which I shall describe later, I laugh aloud and, as I do so, someone lays his hand on my knee and asks me to be still. Who has any natural right to prevent me from laughing wildly at one of Charlie Chaplin's wildest tricks? None other than Charlie Chaplin himself, for it is he who sits beside me.

The film is not ready yet. We must help him and my laughter is out of place. It is like the laugh that Charlie himself gave in *The Circus* when he watched the tricks of the clowns.

'Wonderful, wonderful!' we whisper after the bit of film has been

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run and the projection room is lit up again. But the boss inquires, 'Would you tell me what you have seen?'

'Certainly, easily. A girl is selling flowers on a street corner. Then Chaplin comes.'

'Oh, not yet.'

'Before that comes a man with his wife and buys a flower.'

'A man? What kind of man?'

'A man who looks a little like Adolphe Menjou.'

'He is an elegant man with a lady. That is important. Now what happens?'

'Then Charlie comes around the corner of the street. He sees a spring of water flowing out of the wall and begins pulling off his gloves, preparatory to drinking. But he doesn't pull off the whole glove at once. He does it finger by finger. One finger, however, is missing. Charlie looks for it vainly.'

'No, that is not clear. We must shoot that scene again.' (He explains to me that the scene is a failure. He had tried to pull off the first finger of his glove and, not finding it there, looked for it on the ground and then began pulling off the fingers of the glove that did exist.)

'Now Charlie takes the drinking cup from the wall.'

HAVE you recognized the part I am playing?'

'What do you mean?'

'I am a little different this time from what I have been before.'

'Yes, you have a little bat tie and gloves. You want to look like a rather dandy tramp this time, don't you? That is the significance of the incident with the drinking cup.'

'Describe it, please.'

'Charlie takes the cup, which is hanging on a chain. The chain falls across his stomach and, noticing that it would make a splendid watch chain, he tries to tear it loose from the wall, while he is drinking. He fails and toddles away with a resigned air in the direction of the flower girl. She is begging.'

'Stop, stop! There is something in between.'

No, we could remember absolutely nothing.

'An automobile comes.'

'After the automobile arrives, a gentleman gets out of it and passes Charlie, who greets him in his usual fashion.'

'What does the auto do?'

I reply that I do not know and Upton Sinclair remarks, 'I think it goes away.'

'Oh, the devil, the devil,' murmurs Charlie, distressed, 'a complete failure.'

The people who are working with him are likewise distressed.

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I GO ON describing what happened. 'The girl naturally offers a flower to Charlie. It falls to the ground; both bend over and Charlie picks up the flower, but the flower girl keeps on looking for it, although he is holding the flower out to her. Realizing that the girl is blind, he buys the flower and goes away. Then to discover whether the girl is really blind he returns again.'

'No, no! How does he come on the scene the second time?'

'The second time he enters very hastily, as if he were hurrying past, but actually he stands in one place and lifts his feet up and down so that the noise of his footsteps seems gradually to fade in the distance. Then he turns about quietly on tip-toes and comes back to the girl and sits down beside her. In the meantime, she has been sprinkling her flowers and finally pours the rest of the water in the watering pot into Charlie's face. He sneaks away, comes back a third time, and once again buys a flower. The little girl wants to pin it on him and, as she is feeling for his buttonhole, discovers that the flower he had bought before is already there. In this way she realizes that it was on her account that he returned. Charlie indicates that his other buttonhole is still free, but she replies that people don't wear flowers in both buttonholes. Then he begs her to keep the flower, which she fastens in her bosom.

'And now she is in love.'

'With whom?'

'With Charlie.'

'Oh, the devil, the devil!'

'What is it?'

'Didn't anyone go by?'

'No, not so far as I know.'

'Oh, the devil, the devil. Didn't you notice the auto again and the gentleman?'

'No, I noticed nothing.'

Charlie buries his face in his hands with despair. His assistants are depressed, too, by what has happened. Why is it so terrible if a foreigner, passing through town, does not understand one of his gags?

But it is much more than a gag. It is the fundamental idea of the film. And it completely failed to register. No other conclusion can be drawn from the description I gave of what I had seen. The street is an elegant street, symbolized by the elegant gentleman and lady who first appear on it. The flower girl mistakenly thinks that the man who climbs out of the automobile is the one that buys the flower and that he has come back to see her. The automobile—we all missed this—remains at the corner of the street during the entire first scene and appears again when the blind girl is giving Charlie the second flower. While this is happening, the gentleman returns and climbs into his car. It is he, the rich man with the automobile, who really awakens her love. Charlie

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notices this mistake at once, and during all the rest of the film he tries to pass himself off as the rich man. He steals money which he pays to a doctor to cure her of her blindness. He is arrested, and, when the girl sees him after he is released from jail, she bursts out laughing, for she does not suspect who he is and he looks as funny as Charlie always looks. But, if the public does not grasp the tragic *quid pro quo*, the despair of Charlie, his sensitiveness to his poverty, his sudden desire to assume a new character by stealing money and then winning the girl's affection —these will not be understood either, and all will be lost.

'We must film the whole thing again,' says Charlie.

AND now the hard, serious work of dramaturgy and direction begins. It lasts for nearly eight days, and even in the middle of the night Charlie will suddenly break out with a 'How would it be if we did thus and so with the flower girl?'

Books have been written about actors, directors, pantomine, and the popular drama, yet no one has tried to describe Charlie Chaplin, whose methods of direction are unique, and whose reputation is fabulous, for Charlie Chaplin writes the story, adapts it to the film, and directs it. Should not all that he says during this activity be written down in shorthand or recorded by a dictaphone?

The scene was rehearsed for eight days on end, and each of us enacted the part of the flower girl, the part of the man getting out of the automobile, and the part of the chauffeur time after time, but Charlie Chaplin was always Charlie Chaplin. He gave himself with complete enthusiasm to each fresh effort.

'How would it be if . . . ?'—so it goes, one interruption after another. The dramatic defects of the opening situation are soon explained. The fact that the little girl mistakes Charlie for the man climbing out of the automobile can in no way be grasped by the public, for it does not yet know about her blindness. This fact must therefore be revealed sooner, but Charlie doesn't want to do so because he feels that the tragic discovery must be made by himself and the audience simultaneously. Could the scene with the automobile be made so vivid that the audience would remember it? How would it be if the man climbed out of the automobile and said to the chauffeur, 'Wait here.' Suppose Charlie politely closes the door of the automobile and the girl takes a couple of steps in that direction!

Or it might be done this way: suppose the man walks behind Charlie in step with him, remains standing behind him and lights a cigarette, so that Charlie thinks that the flower that is held out to the other man is meant for him. Should the man in the automobile be of rather indifferent appearance or should he be a very handsome young fellow? Of course, the little girl does not see him, but the audience does

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and feels that he must be making a great impression on the girl. In this way the audience has before its eyes the illusion that exists in the mind of the blind girl.

How would it be if the girl, whom the public now recognizes as blind, should say to Charlie when he buys his second flower, 'Give this to the chauffeur'? How would it be if Charlie were trying to help the gentleman into the automobile and the flower girl tried to hand the second flower through the window? But the window would be closed and it would not be the window but the open door of the automobile behind which Charlie would be standing.

'Wonderful, wonderful!' cries Charlie and tries it out. He goes back to his acting, but suddenly he leaps out of his shell and falls back again, saying, 'It won't do. I couldn't act the part of a lackey immediately after I had been overwhelmed by the knowledge that the little girl was blind and that I was in love with her.'

LET ME close by describing one episode that occurred in his dressing room. On the left of the room is a mirror and make-up table with a comb on it and on the other side is a bathroom. One afternoon we were drinking tea when a very famous lady, Charlie's best friend, was announced. He went to meet her and I rushed into the dressing room to comb my hair. Before the mirror lay a comb that was white but not very clean. A big mass of tangled hair was in it. I pulled it out, threw it on the ground and put my own hair in order. It then occurred to me that someone might notice the bunch of hair on the shiny floor and might realize that somebody had been using the 'boss's' dressing room secretly. Perhaps the hair was serving some purpose, so I picked it up again and put it down beside the comb.

At this moment, one of Charlie's friends, Harry Crocker, came in to make himself a little more presentable. 'Look,' he said to me and pointed to the black object beside the white comb. 'That is the moustache. He has had the same one for fifteen years. A New York theatrical barber picked it out for him especially. No other moustache can stand all kinds of weather as this one can and we have entirely lost track of the New York barber from whom we got it. Charlie has always said that if this moustache is lost he will play smooth shaven.'

I must have turned pale with fear. Think of it—Charlie Chaplin without a moustache—and I to blame for it!

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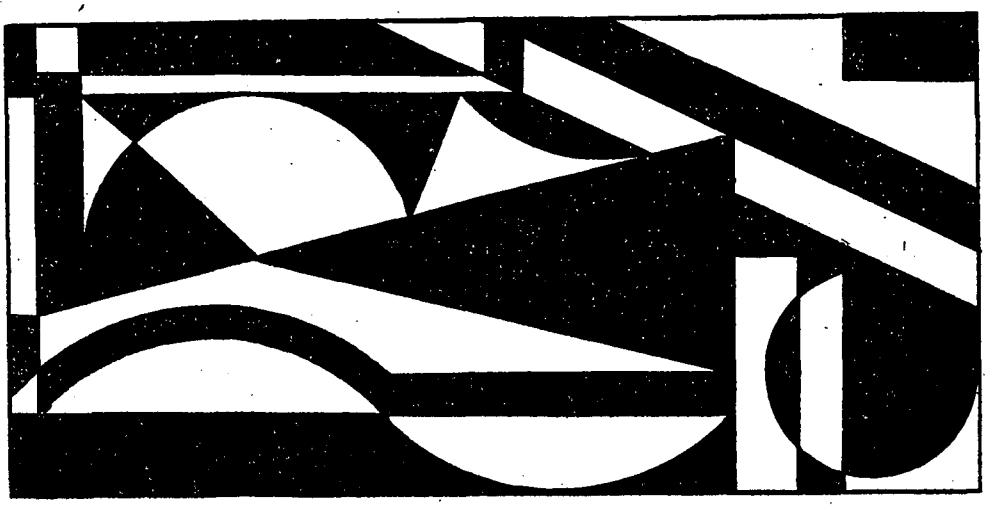

THE NEW GERMAN LITERATURE

A French Critic Looks across the Rhine

By Jean Tarvel

Translated from *Comoedia*, Paris Literary and Dramatic Daily

INTERVIEWED SOME months ago about the tendencies of German literature, a great editor replied that to his mind its most striking trait is the close contact it maintains with the epoch in which we are living. To be sure, all literature relies to some extent upon its contemporary surroundings, but in many cases it draws its life from its fondness for certain æsthetic forms and even from subjects that were preferred in some previous period. The modern French theatre, for instance, is unduly criticized for wanting to live on the formulas of yesterday and day before yesterday, just as if the War and the post-War period had not profoundly transformed our morals, our taste, and our mentality. This criticism, however, does not apply so closely to our literature, which is more varied and more subtle, though it does apply to numerous native writers, young men and celebrated masters alike, none of whom are particularly modern. The trouble with such men is that they indulge in a fondness for psychological analysis which has long been a traditional hall-mark of our novels and to which description, morals, and setting are secondary. In short, this trait tends to make our fiction

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either something apart from the time in which it is written, or something above and beyond it.

No such condition prevails in Germany. I have often pointed out that modern dramatists have affected a sovereign disdain for psychology, as if it were contrary to the dynamics of the theatre, and the German novelists, especially the younger ones, go even further. The formula known as *neue Sachlichkeit*, or new realism, which has been prevailing for the last two or three years, seems to indicate in a general way the tendency, not only of certain literary groups, but of the entire public.

This public is less interested in penetrating the interior of people's souls than it is in little facts that relate to present-day life. For this reason, novels or stories describing modern life in its exterior aspects will always interest this public, thus giving a key to the popularity enjoyed by certain memoirs, biographies, and books of travel and adventure—in short, everything that possesses a documentary character. These documents, however, are not presented impartially or objectively in strict accordance with the formula of the new realism. Germany, having suffered acute political and social torment for the last fifteen years, is passionately interested in all the problems that have accompanied this upset. Most of her writers take sides, for one could hardly expect them to be objective when they are describing what they see before their eyes. Social activity is tending more and more to dominate the lives of individuals and it is hard to judge this conflict impartially.

THE TWO most striking traits of recent German literature are a predilection for all the facts that go to make up modern life and a passionate participation in its conflicts. An exception must be made, however, of certain important groups of real quality, but limited influence, like the one headed by Stefan George. But, on the whole, these tendencies are the real explanation of the striking success that German War literature has been enjoying in the past twelve months. This success is evidently the dominating characteristic of the reconstruction period, and a respectable number of books have shared in it. The triumph of Remarque's book, which far eclipsed all those which preceded or followed it, must not make us forget such estimable works as *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* by Arnold Zweig or *War* by Ludwig Renn. A. M. Frey has depicted conditions in the hospitals behind the lines, and a sailor named Ringelnatz, who has become a popular singer, has written up his War-time reminiscences with much verve and humor. A moving collection of letters written by young students killed at the front has been published, and a young man named Ernst Glaeser in the *Class of 1902* describes the impression that War-time suffering and pri-

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vation made on the children behind the lines. Karl Federn, author of *Captain Latour*, brings to life the picturesque figure of a career officer in the German Army by drawing from diaries.

Post-War occurrences also inspire the German novelists. Bruno Frank, in his book called *New Politics*, has sketched portraits of Stresemann and Briand. This work is noticeably affected by the Locarno spirit, but it is spoiled by a melodramatic climax. Arnolt Bronnen, a young dramatic author who purposely goes in for extreme tendencies, uses as a background for his novel entitled *O. S.* (*Ober Schlesien*) the fighting that took place in Upper Silesia before that province was partitioned between Germany and Poland. Formerly a radical of the extreme Left Wing, Bronnen has passed over to the opposite party. From the most excessively Nationalist point of view and with an almost revolting severity of judgment on his former comrades, he discusses with real talent one of the burning German problems. In his delicate little novel, *Jacqueline and the Japanese*, Heinrich Eduard Jacob contrasts Berlin during the period of inflation with the old centres of German culture, Würzburg and Heidelberg, and draws a parallel between Eastern and Western civilizations.

Heinrich Mann, a member of the older generation, but still unquestionably the most powerful German novelist, described post-War Germany in *Mutter Marie*, only to return in his latest work to the period following the Franco-Prussian War. His sociological tendencies and his interest in the mentality and customs of that epoch are revealed in the title, *Eugénie, or the Bourgeois Epoch*. He has also made a collection of speeches and articles written since 1921 and entitled *Seven Years, A Chronicle of Ideas and Events* in which his excellent mind is shown to be equally preoccupied with the affairs of his time.

THEN there are also contemporary chronicles, books on travel and the theatre, critical observations of various peoples, their customs, and their ideas. Polgar, a Viennese, and Tucholsky, a native of Berlin, have been highly successful in this field. The former, a likable and keen-witted fellow, has drawn a series of contemporary portraits entitled *Black on White*, while Kurt Tucholsky, a German who now lives in Paris, has given us a mixture of travel sketches, mordant satires on human beings, and contemporary customs in *The Smile of Joconda* and *Deutschland Über Alles*. He is a minute and impassioned observer, a spirited and ardent writer, who is happily continuing the tradition of Heinrich Heine.

Books of an historical or political character form a large part of the present output, and, if many of them have attracted a wide public, it is not only because this public is interested in that kind of book nor because certain authors have shown great skillfulness in the way they

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present their facts; rather it is because the bias shown in their pages appeals to most readers.

Emil Ludwig has just added to his celebrated biographies of Goethe, Napoleon, and William II a book called *July 1914*, in which he exposes the events immediately preceding the Great War. He tries to be objective, but who can be entirely so on such a subject? Eulenberg's books on the Hohenzollerns and Hegemann's book on Christ, like his book on Frederick II, contain more polemics than history. Count Harry Kessler's detailed biography of Rathenau is, on the other hand, very just and moderate, and was published simultaneously with the posthumous works of that philosopher, industrialist, and statesman. *From Versailles to Versailles*, which Maximilian Harden was completing when he died and which his widow has just published, has not received the attention that it deserves. Harden was a celebrated polemist who knew all the ins and outs of pre-War politics, and these memoirs are full of interesting reminiscences and documents. Willy Hellpach, a doctor and politician of democratic persuasions, has written a book called *Political Prognostication of Germany*, full of facts and penetrating observations. Egon Friedell has consecrated three rich volumes full of ingenious interpretations to a captivating subject seldom treated, *The History of the Civilization of the Modern Epoch*. Count Keyserling continues in his *European Spectrum* to mingle jokes with profound philosophic views on modern life and modern peoples.

If love does not occupy a large place in modern German literature to-day, there is a plethora of books, nearly all of them mediocre, on love, or rather 'sexual problems.' Here again the positive character of modern Germany and the country's interest in social problems make themselves felt. Even in poetry the same elements are to be found, but in Germany, as elsewhere, the great public has singularly little interest in the most noble of all literary forms. To attract a public it is necessary to do what Walter Mehring did in his *Poems, Lieder and Songs*, where he blends a popular humorous tone with fantasy, satire, and veiled sentiment. His poems are charming examples of free verse. They are the work of a man who is closely in touch with modern life and are the exact opposite of 'pure poetry.'

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FACTORY WORK IN AMERICA

Why Europeans Leave Home

By H. Dubreuil

Translated from *Le Progrès Civique,* Paris Radical Weekly

IN FRANCE, WHEN a new foreman is appointed, the first thing that is done is to assign him a glass cage to separate him from the men at whose side he worked only the day before. This is a symbolic act. It makes the foreman, as well as those who have to obey his orders, understand that now a barricade stands between them. In America, on the other hand, an overseer or foreman simply occupies a high kind of pulpit situated in the midst of the machinery. Moreover, it has always seemed to me that in America foremen have less power over the men under them than they do in France. Most of the time they have to consult with their chiefs, which is at least a small guarantee that an important decision will not be intrusted to the often malicious spirit of some petty chief who, blinded by foolish pride, would not be able to see the consequences that might befall the family of some worker whom he discharges. The simple fact that men are not fired as readily as they are in France is a matter of great importance from the worker's point of view.

So profoundly is the spirit of democratic equality anchored in the American mentality that it can often be discerned in the writings of Taylor himself, who, to be sure, has written many things not entirely devoid of rudeness. But even he recognized the great importance of the orderly arrangement of one's tools and recommended fining anyone who left his tools in the wrong place. But since he was also very preoccupied and sometimes left a tool carelessly in the wrong place, he imposed on himself the same fine that he would have imposed on the workers under him. He totally lacked that disdain certain people show for men who perform what is known as 'inferior tasks' and used to say that all activity which contributed to the completion of a single piece of work was worthy of equal respect and that one man was as good as another so long as he played his rôle, however humble it might be, as satisfactorily as the man charged with a more important duty.

I have often pointed out that this principle is applied in the United States with great simplicity and I want to bear witness to that fact here, for it is one of the things that contribute so much to making the

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atmosphere in American factories so different from the atmosphere prevailing in most of ours. For one can pick out a number of little things that may justly be called symbolic of the more cordial relations between the chief and the subordinate, between the worker and the employer.

One day when I was giving up a job in one factory to go to another, the cashier said to me as he gave me my wages, 'So you're leaving the company. You have not been with us long. Have you found something else better?' When I told him where I was going, he spoke to me most cordially and, although we had never exchanged any words before, said: 'Good-bye then. I wish you good luck.'

These words amazed me. In more than twenty years' experience in French factories I was never the object of such politeness on the part of a person I did not know, and, since I witnessed a number of similar scenes in America, I returned home much less convinced than I used to be that we are the politest people in the world.

The result of this general state of mind is that the average attitude of the workers toward their employer, as well as the attitude of the chiefs and of the whole white-collar personnel, is very different from the attitude we know in France. In our country, conceit on the one hand finds its counterpart in hatred on the other. In America, since the worker does not feel any disdain weighing upon him, he cherishes no rancor or envy. The best proof of this is to be found in the popular vocabulary, which contains no equivalents for all those hostile expressions we use toward our employer, such as '*singe*' (monkey). The word 'boss,' which is the most commonly used, contains no taint of malevolence. In the Ford plant I never heard the workers refer to their great chief as anything else but Mr. Ford, and in the street car I never heard workers alluding to the factory for which they worked with the spirit of bitterness which we French constantly reveal. As a result, the internal life of an American enterprise is such that one readily understands why an emigrant, once installed, no longer dreams of returning 'to the other side of the water.'

I STILL see in my mind's eye a hasty and striking little scene that I once witnessed in the Ford plant. My shift included a little Rumanian Jew whose usual attitude jarred considerably on the people with whom he worked. He was always occupied in trying to dodge difficult tasks or trying to gain some favor and made himself so insupportable that he often aroused the impatience of his placid companions. On one occasion he made a demand that our immediate foreman refused and he promptly stopped the head foreman, who was passing by, and began reiterating his demand as volubly as his poor English allowed him to. The foreman, whose hands were full of papers, revealed clearly by his expression that the man had interrupted his train of thought, but

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without any gesture of impatience he bent his tall, slender body over the figure of the little Jew, obviously expecting to hear the most precise and rapid explanation possible before making any attempt to answer yes or no, and departing to the more important work in which he was engaged.

That scene symbolizes to me the easy, direct contact between chief and subordinate and the complete attention the Americans are suddenly able to devote to certain problems, as well as their capacity for analyzing and deciding such problems in the minimum amount of time.

Such aspects as these of American life seem to me much more important than the stories of spying on workers that are told as if they were only true in America. People who delight in such stories are too apt to forget that this shadow on American industrial life is unfortunately not confined to American soil.

Here is another significant incident. When I was on the night shift in the Ford plant, I noticed the chief superintendent approaching me holding a large list. Without any preamble he promptly asked me: 'Are you for Mr. Hoover?' To understand this question, it is necessary to know that the preparation for a presidential election is a very important thing in the United States, where, as we know, the president is chosen by universal suffrage. Long before the opening of the campaign the parties make their nominations by petitions. Names of prominent men are chosen and people try to obtain as many signatures as they can in their behalf so that these men will seem to be designated in advance by a considerable number of citizens.

It was one of these lists that he was presenting to me, and I naturally declined his invitation, stating that I was not an American citizen. Without insisting further, the man moved on to someone else and repeated his question.

I need not add that such a demand would seem utterly intolerable in France, where we should look upon it as a form of pressure. But in America I can fairly state that no person who refused to sign such a petition would get into trouble. No one paid the least attention to the whole matter in the factory except to discuss the respective merits of the men proposed. As for the petition, people signed it or refused to sign it as easily as if it were done in the street, where electoral agents solicit you.

IF I were to compare such scenes with certain others that I witnessed in French factories, the comparison would not be to our advantage. And, if I have not found any American equivalent for our word, '*singe*,' neither have I found one for that expression, '*mon brave*,' which so many of our employers use with a malicious nuance in speaking to their employees, as if the same affectionate feelings existed between them as exist between certain well-born individuals and the subordinates to

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whom they customarily address these words. I myself have never heard those words spoken without wanting to hurl them back immediately, and I often think of a certain Parisian workman who, on being addressed in that way, repeated:—

'Why do you call me "*mon brave*"?'

'But I don't know your name.'

'When I address someone whose name I do not know, I call him Monsieur.'

America is much less familiar with these bitter-sweet contacts than we are, and it may be added that those democratic usages that do so much to change the atmosphere in which work is done reveal themselves further in the fact that Americans are more and more tending to do away with the different treatment accorded the personnel in the office and the personnel in the factory. Piece work and expert bookkeeping and accounting are paid about the same, and those who perform these functions are beginning to enjoy about the same vacations.

When people in our country complain about a certain disaffection toward work, why do we not perceive that it is simply due to the perpetual divisions that we constantly make and that arouse so much ill-feeling on the part of those who are engaged in productive work, which is always considered somewhat ignoble? Although many forms of factory work involve more physical fatigue and even more intellectual quality than office work, nevertheless the latter form of work is always awarded regular vacations with pay.

If anyone were to undertake a general and honest investigation of the condition of factory workers, it would at once be obvious that in France the men who enjoy the fewest advantages are precisely the ones who are submitted most rigorously to the law of production. All who enjoy salaries, independent of the value of the work they do, reap benefits that the worker almost never experiences. The state of social abandonment in which a man of such primary usefulness as the laborer is left is symbolic of an injustice whose effects are all too evident.

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BARCELONA BULLFIGHT

A British View of the Spanish National Pastime

By Newman Craig

From the *National Review*, London Tory Monthly

WHO HAS NOT BEEN to the "Toros" has not been to Spain,' runs an old saying, the truth of which becomes apparent to the most casual visitor.

So it was that, anxious to miss nothing of the life of the country in which I now found myself, I sallied forth at once to the Plaza to obtain a ticket for the bullfight (*corrida*) to be held that Sunday. The first surprise to a sun-starved Briton was to find that seats in the sun cost little, while those in the shade run up to over a £1 each, according to their height above the arena and location in respect to the President's box. Middle-priced seats get shade part of the time and sun the rest. Later that afternoon I was glad that I had thrown economy to the winds and paid 30 pesetas (18 shillings) for the right to a minute portion of a stone gallery seat close to the President's box and therefore well in the shade.

The *corrida* was to commence at 5 P.M., so, shortly before, I thought I would drive in an inexpensive bus to the neighboring arena, pride of the city. Never was there a more fatuous hope. Although the rival attractions of the Exhibition and an international 'futbol' match were taking crowds in the opposite direction, it seemed to me that almost all Barcelona wanted to go to the bullfight. A theatre-matinée queue had already formed for each bus, so I regretfully took a taxi.

In the train a Spaniard had vouchsafed the information that in Barcelona the taxi fare on the clock included the tip, and that one should, therefore, never give any more than the figure registered! Perhaps that is why, when I ventured to add a peseta (8 pence) to the fare on the clock, my driver apparently desired to spend the rest of the after-

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noon with me. Anyhow, talking volubly in Spanish all the time, he parked his cab with utmost unconcern in the middle of the open space round the arena and, abandoning it, cheerfully insisted on guiding me to the appropriate entrance.

It was fortunate for me he did so. Round the sixty and more entrances to the arena the dustiest, wildest, noisiest crowd I have seen in Western Europe shouted and pushed and screamed, fighting for a foot of precedence in the rush to the entrances. As for the arena itself, imagine the Colosseum at Rome magnified some ten times and built of dirty yellow sandstone without any attempt at mural decoration, the walls, rising to some fifty feet, crowned with six domes placed at regular distances on the circumference and at the base pierced by the sixty odd entrances, the whole graced with garish banners at the top, choking, suffocating clouds of dust at the bottom, and the pitiless Spanish sun blazing down on the struggling, sweating, garlic-flavored mob besieging the entrances below.

I clung to my taxi driver despairingly as he rushed me successfully through the first and second entrances and then at a trot along a subterranean corridor, where we glimpsed the dressing rooms of the *toreros*, an *enfermeria* (first-aid station) hygienically jostling some foul-smelling stables and unspeakable lavatories!

MY INVALUABLE guide only left me, with many expressions of regard and committing me to the care of the Almighty, at a flight of stone steps leading up to the amphitheatre, where, stooping low under an archway, I stepped out on to the stone gallery of the arena. Here I was supplied, for a peseta, with a cushion to mitigate the rigor of my stone seat, with a programme for another peseta, and, for a third peseta, with a short illustrated biography of the matadors (*espadas*) to fight that day. Refusing in rapid succession a bag of sweets, a bottle of extremely dangerous-looking water, sandwiches with some unspeakable-looking meat in the centre (suggestively like portions of last week's bulls!), a wooden whistle with which, no doubt, to add to the already infernal din, I was able to settle down and glance round the mighty arena, its forty thousand seats packed with a gaily colored, vociferous, tumultuous audience. Full of eager anticipation, men and women alike were concentrating on eating those horrid sandwiches and sweets, as well as many other delicacies of their own provision, drinking that awful water, and yet somehow managing all the same to produce a very babel of sounds, yells, catcalls, cheers, whistles. Everywhere flashing eyes and teeth, fluttering fans and mantillas, señors, señoras, señoritas intent on enjoying to the full their national sport.

High above me and to my right sat the President, accompanied by the local notabilities. The arena and galleries were sharply divided into

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sunshine and shadow as clearly as on a sundial, and looking over at the baking thousands in the aching sunshine, I thanked my stars for my foresight of the forenoon.

Now a stir of emotion ripples over the multitude as the President takes his seat. Below lies the sand-strewn arena, all freshly raked and watered. Round it, at the base of the tiers of seats, runs a stout stone wall surmounted with an iron railing. At four points—north, south, east, and west—double doors give access to the arena from the subterranean chambers. Between this wall and the arena, a second stout wooden barrier, five feet high, separates the *toreros* and the personnel of the arena—drivers, grooms, and sweepers—from the actual battle ground. This paling has on its arena side a wooden step to enable those in peril from the bull to vault over into safety; or comparative safety, one should add, for sometimes the bull jumps too, and then there is a helter-skelter chase round the inner circle until the bull runs out again into the arena.

SUDDENLY, as if by magic, an intense silence falls over the assembly. The President has made a sign. At the far end of the arena gates swing open and out pours a procession of red-coated musicians playing a stirring march, and then the gaily uniformed *toreros*, *matadores*, *picadores*, *banderilleros* swing by, followed by the three-horsed *troikas*, covered with red and yellow tassels, which will later be used for dragging out the dead bulls and horses. Next come a pair of tame bulls covered from head to foot with cloth of gold and shimmering chains of silver. Their work is not fighting, but they have a use, as will appear later. Finally come, in serried array, the various arena officials, workers, grooms, and assistants. Twice the gaudy procession circles the sunlit sands, and then takes up its stand facing the President's box—lances, swords, knives, whips, and caps raised in a single gesture of salute.

The President waves in acknowledgment, and immediately a burst of cheering flashes round the amphitheatre—the procession is reformed, circles once, and reënters at the opposite end of the arena the dark portals leading to the chambers. So, two thousand years ago, must the procession of gladiators have circled and saluted a Roman Emperor while a savage, bloodthirsty audience waited, avid for thrills at the dangers, sufferings, and deaths of an arena spectacle. How little the Latin nature has varied since those days the existence of the bullfight proves.

For a few moments after the disappearance of the procession, the band plays some airs from *Carmen*, and then, amid a renewed pandemonium, the first *espada* (matador) and his team (*cuadrilla*) of assistants carrying the yellow and purple capes (not red—that color is re-

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served for the *espada* himself when he, in the final scene, dispatches the bull) vault the barrier and take their places in the huge, empty arena. The music ceases abruptly. Then, indeed, there is a silence that one can almost feel, so pregnant is it with coming tragedy, violence, and blood. Forty thousand Spaniards on a hot Sunday afternoon are not silent for nothing!

AT THE END of the arena a gate swings open. Still nothing. We wait, *toreros* and spectators alike, intent on that dark opening. Then, with a bellow of rage, a magnificent wild bull, coal black, with one scarlet streamer fixed on his shoulder, dashes into the sunlight. Dazed and blinded, for he has been kept in darkness during the last three hours, at first he sees nothing of his foes and comes to a halt, snorting and pawing the sand. Then the *espada* advances, trailing the purple cape. The bull at last sees him and also the brilliant cape. With a bellow he charges across the arena to destroy this insolent enemy. The *espada* waits until it seems the bull is on him, then steps lightly aside, leaving the bull to crash into the empty cape and on for twenty yards beyond before he can check himself in a cloud of dust, wheel around, and charge again. Three or four times the *espada* faces him, playing the cape sometimes once only, but, if the bull's halt is quicker, then twice or thrice, to left and right alternately. This is a most effective manœuvre, the bull lunging furiously to right and left of the *espada* in alternation, the *capa* passing right over his head and body each time. A burst of cheering marks the crowd's approval of the skill and daring of the *espada*. Then, with an airy gesture, he 'passes' the bull to one of his assistants and retires to the barrier to bow his thanks to the cheering crowd.

Meanwhile, one of the *cuadrilla* has taken the bull's attention with his *capa*, inducing him to charge him, and, as the man springs aside, another *torero* attracts the bull's fierce eye, and so on until the *espada* is ready to play him again. The assistants take one or two charges each, but only the *espada* is expert enough to 'play' the bull. The great aim of the *cuadrilla* is never to give the bull a rest, while, of course, his adversaries relieve one another as the *corrida* progresses. After about five minutes of this rushing about, the bull is a bit worn down and rather tired of butting his head into mere *capas*. He is inclined to sulk and to make mock charges only when the *toreros* come too near. Then is the moment for the picadors or mounted men to ride into the arena. Picturesquely accoutred and armed with a lance guarded one inch from the point so that it can goad but not kill, they ride miserable mounts scarcely able to stagger round the arena. These poor horses supply, indeed, the worst and only horrible feature of the *corrida*, and one wonders how human beings can bear, week after week, to witness such brutality and pain. The unfortunate animals are bandaged over one eye, so that they can

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not, when turned away from the bull, see when he is coming. On the blind side they are covered with the recently introduced *almohada* or padded coat, which also is meant to protect the belly and flank from the searching horns. Nominally humanitarian, these *almohadas* only prolong the lives of these wretched beasts, for the very force of the impact of that terrible head crashing into ribs or belly must give an almost fatal blow, even if the horns do not at first enter. I say at 'first' because, in four of the eight courses, the horse was eventually gored and tossed high in the air.

BUT to proceed. As soon as the picador appears, the matador passes the bull to him, and for a moment the infuriated animal halts at the sight of this new and perhaps formidable foe. Then, rage overcoming him, he charges across the arena, dashes horse and rider up against the barrier, over which the picador falls; with a second deadly plunge, the bull gets right under the horse's stomach, completely eviscerating him. The *toreros* crowd round and draw off the bull with their *capas*, still keeping him charging up and down the arena while the wretched horse breathes its last on the blood-soaked sand. Arena assistants throw a stable blanket over the body and another picador rides in.

This time the picador meets the bull's charge with his lance and tears open a long wound from shoulder to haunch, thus stemming the impact and saving his horse's life for the moment. Bellowing with rage and streaming blood, the bull gallops away, the eternal *capas* again waving round him, while the successful picador rides out of the arena.

The behavior of the crowd at each impact between horse and bull is indescribable. The terrible fate of the horse seems to arouse some atavistic blood-lust, and they cheer the bull to the echo! Meanwhile, some English visitors behind me find the sight impossible and, rising, fight their way out through the swarming, spellbound crowd.

But now the semi-final stage is reached. The bull is really fatigued, and out run two figures in shimmering silver armed with a pair of gaily decorated short spears, some three feet long, ending in a barbed steel point. These men are the *banderilleros*. The *capas* cease to wave; one of the *banderilleros* takes his place in the centre of the arena, and with stamping foot and waving *banderillas* attracts the bull's attention.

The latter, freed a moment from the eternal *capas*, examines his new opponent, then suddenly lumbers toward him at a sort of canter. The *banderillero* runs to meet him, and at the very moment of impact swerves aside, planting the two goads deep in the bull's neck muscle.

With a bellow of rage and pain the bull goes careering across the sands, bucking and twisting and throwing himself in every direction in a vain effort to rid himself of these agonizing barbs, from the wounds of which the blood is now spouting. In vain! And, as he turns, another

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banderillero awaits him and plants two more on the other side. Now really frantic and blindly furious, the poor bull summons all his energies to overtake and kill the *banderillero*, but, as he charges again, the *capas* intervene and the endless, fruitless charges recommence. Meanwhile, the *banderilleros* receive the thunderous applause of the audience, and bowing and waving quit the arena.

AND NOW comes the end. The matador who first played the bull on his entrance reappears, glorious in cloth of gold, carrying the little scarlet *capa* reserved for matadors, and in the other hand the long shining sword (*espada*) which gives him his title.

The bull, glad of a moment's pause, stands, semi-exhausted by his efforts and loss of blood, with heaving flanks, open mouth, and protruding tongue. In a dead silence the *espada* walks up to him, the little red *capa* spread over his sword blade, closer and closer, until the hated color is right in front of the bull's eyes, and the matador screams insults in his ears.

This is too much, even for an exhausted bull, and he goes wildly at the *capa*. But, of course, it has passed over his head in a movement full of grace, and as he wheels it is again in front of his nose. Again and again the manœuvre is repeated. The delighted crowd yells to the orchestra, '*Musica! Musica!*' and to the strains of a waltz the apparently nerveless matador plays the bull to his right and his left, going down on right and left knee alternately as the ferocious horned head sweeps under his arm, not six inches away from his side. If the crowd calls for music, it is the highest compliment to the matador's skill, showing that his absolute mastery of the primitive ferocity and strength of the bull is appreciated.

And now both matador and bull pause, facing each other. The matador awaits his chance to give the *coup de grâce:* that is, a clean thrust from the front into the heart. He could have stabbed him a dozen times in side or neck or belly, but the *espada's* art requires the neat frontal thrust. Needless to say, it is also the most difficult and dangerous, for failure to find the entry behind the shoulder may mean the matador's death. The bull's forelegs must be apart or the shoulder blades will divert the thrust, and so the matador keeps him turning, turning with waving *capa*, until the animal is in the correct stance. Then, quicker than light, the blade plunges in and disappears, seeking that gallant heart now beating its last beats. Over crashes the bull and lies twitching on the crimson sand.

The *espada* wipes his blade on the *capa* and stands back, triumphant, from the bull while the audience rises to its feet like one man cheering and screaming and sounding all kinds of noisy instruments. Into the arena rain fans and hats and cushions and programmes and flowers—

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anything and everything that the demented mob can seize and hurl toward the object of its adoration, the successful *espada* in the moment of his triumph. Meanwhile the arena gates swing open; three gaily caparisoned horses, harnessed abreast, gallop in dragging the *troika* or wooden frame to which the dead bull is chained, dragged in triumph once round the arena and out through the gates at full gallop. The sand is raked over, the various objects strewn over the arena retrieved, a new matador and *cuadrilla* leap the barrier, and all is in readiness for the next bull.

SEVEN times the same incidents or similar ones repeat themselves, but always there is some variation to whip the excitement of the now thoroughly aroused audience. The second bull, for instance, turned too quickly on the new *espada*, and in a flash he was down and under that ferocious head. The audience screams, but whether with horror or pleasure it is difficult to say. That *espada* must be gored to death, it seems. But no! By a miracle the spreading horns strike the sand on each side of his narrow body. Before the bull can strike again two of the *cuadrilla* have flung their *capas* over his eyes, and as he throws up his head to shake them off two others drag out the crushed *espada* from underneath. In a trice he is hoisted on their shoulders and rushed out of the arena.

With never a pause, be the man dead or alive, the game resumes its course. This is a great bull, and encouraged by his unexpected success he quickly kills two wretched horses, chases two *banderilleros* right out of the arena and keeps the *toreros* at their wits' end to avoid him. He has won the heart of the crowd, who again hurl all sorts of missiles into the ring, but this time in honor of the bull. But will they spare his life? Of course not! Another *espada* appears. Nervous, he plays badly, and once, being almost down, slashes the bull across the nose, inflicting a blinding wound just enabling the man to avoid death. Excitement now is at fever pitch; jeers, yells, insults are poured on the *espada*, who thrusts and thrusts again at the enraged but not very fatigued bull. Gone is all science: this time there is no question of music; it is a fight for life. The *toreros* crowd round endeavoring to confuse the bull, and the furious *espada*, thoroughly put out by the insults of the mob, at last thrusts the animal through the lungs. There is no skill in this, no praise for such a blow. A silence falls. The gallant bull stops a moment, looks round in a dazed way, coughs up a dark purple stream, and then, ignoring his tormentors, lies quietly down and dies. The crowd cheers him to the last, while the discomfited *espada* and his *cuadrilla* make way for their successors.

The fifth bull made a curious and unusual scene. Smelling the blood of his predecessors, he careered wildly round the arena, only

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anxious to get out. Regardless of *capas* or *toreros*, he ceaselessly sought an exit. The crowd yelled to the President; handkerchiefs waved on all sides—a sign that the bull is no good and must be sent out. The arena is left empty save for the bull, who tranquilly walks round awaiting a loophole of escape. In a moment a gate swings back, and an old stableman drives in the two tame bulls that took part in the opening procession. Each has a large bell on his neck, and they trot up to their wild colleague, sniff him and, very wisely, turn and run out. He trots after them, and all three disappear. The old man brings up the rear shouting and waving his stick, but taking great care to keep twenty yards away from the wild bull.

The sixth bull is more anxious still to escape from the whole proceedings, and after a few half-hearted charges at the *cuadrilla* clears the first barrier in a single bound, to the horror of the crowd pressing on the second barrier. There is a *sauve qui peut* in the inner circle, and after careering round wildly the bull again enters the arena, only once more to jump out again. Three times in all he does this before they can induce him to play, and then his shrift is short. The crowd calls him a 'false' bull and a thrust in the lung ends his career. Such false or half-hearted bulls are rare, and it was almost unprecedented to have two in one *corrida*.

As if to compensate the indignant crowd, the last two bulls were of first-class temper and fought savagely and gamely before being dispatched on their last journey. Two more horses were killed, and one picador gored and trampled before the savage onslaught. The sum total, therefore, of the day was seven bulls and four horses killed, with two men badly injured.

PARTLY to ascertain the fate of the latter, and partly to avoid being caught in the departing crowd, I left just before the last bull fell, and hurried to the *enfermeria*. There a chalked-up notice said that the *espada* had received severe internal injuries and had been sent to the hospital, but that the picador was doing well.

At the door of the *enfermeria* a laconic dresser in dirty white overalls, having regarded me for a moment, said:—

'El Señor es Inglès?'

To my affirmative, 'Si, Señor,' he replied, in broad cockney:—

'So am I; used to be in the Army Medical Corps at Gibraltar.'

'How did you come to leave the Service for this work?' I asked, much intrigued.

'I had a Spanish lady friend,' he explained simply, 'and when she left the Rock for Barcelona, I came, too. When, later on, she left me for a *torero*, it was too late to go back, but I got me a job here—a sort of compensation, I suppose! That's ten years ago now, and I would like

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to see England again. But it'd be clink for me if I went back. What did you think of the fight? Very few English people like it.'

We conversed for nearly half an hour, and he explained to me much of the technique of the bull ring, exploding, meanwhile, many myths popular in England, such as that bulls close their eyes in charging and cows don't, or that no *torero* would face an angry cow. All the *toreros*, he told me, are carefully bandaged on trunk and legs and arms before fighting, so that if the horn enters their body or limbs, it will pierce, but not tear—a vitally important difference. The picadors, he said, are practically in armor, which explained to me how they came to suffer no hurt from being rolled on by their mounts.

'Yes,' he added, 'it's cruel for the horses, but they're practically worn out when we get them, and one or two charges put an end to their troubles. If they come out badly injured, they're poleaxed on the spot. Don't pity the bulls. They have a princely life until their day comes, and then ten minutes or so fighting with their blood up is not such a bad conclusion. Funny thing about them is that when they're in a herd they're as quiet as sheep. I've often walked through a herd; but once alone their temper, or perhaps anxiety, makes them absolutely savage. That was why that old cattle man could drive that wild bull into a stall with a bit of a stick when the three came outside the arena.

'As for the men—well, they know and take the risks, and if they "cop it," it's their own funeral. The pay is immense. Of the *espadas* fighting to-day, one got 10,000 pesetas, another 9,000, and the third 8,000! Not bad for two hours' work, and they are not at the top! In Madrid and Seville 20,000 pesetas would not be exceptional. All the others are paid in proportion.

'Poor Vincente,' he concluded, referring to the injured *espada*, 'is finished, live or die. Once the bull has got them down they can never come back. There is a mental element, something of the wild animal tamer in an *espada's* make-up, and when that goes it's just suicide to continue. The picador? Oh, no! He'll be back all right. For those minor jobs you only need to keep your eyes open and keep moving. The *espada* does the dangerous work. You going? Oh, thank you—far too much; and it was nice seeing you. *Adiós* Señor! Safe journey home!'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

The Public Spirit of Private Americans

GEORGES LECHARTIER, a French journalist who has paid more than one visit to the United States, finds that the most striking quality of America is the public-spirited generosity of its millionaires. Not only have Rockefeller and Carnegie instituted enormous scientific and educational projects, but every sizable community boasts some local philanthropist. M. Lechartier enumerates the various cities he visited on his most recent journey and confesses that San Francisco was the most extraordinary of them all:—

> San Francisco, where poverty and misery are unknown, where everyone in moderate circumstances drives his own car, where hospitals built by private bequests look like hotels for happy excursionists, where even the cemeteries are as charming as country clubs! Leland Stanford University, which was founded by Senator Leland Stanford and his wife in memory of their son, makes a very striking impression. Built at an original cost of $25,000,000, the university to-day has had its resources increased still further by the unlimited gifts that are constantly pouring into its coffers.

This is the way M. Lechartier describes one of the more attractive features of American life:—

> I cannot repeat too often that this public spirit manifests itself everywhere. I noticed it during my brief visits, but, striking as it was on those occasions, it seems to me to have developed still further lately. As one of the speakers at an official lunch remarked, 'No one in America to-day doubts that a fortune creates a responsibility toward the community on the part of the man who earned it.' For this fortune was not built up solely by the man who profited from it. He owes it in large measure to the collaboration of the community in which he lived. It is only just that he should give his fellow citizens their due and he even ought to help them in some measure to increase their own pleasures and make their lives easier. That is public spirit. That is the noblest spirit in America to-day.

An Austrian View of American Economics

PROFESSOR THOMAS NIXON CARVER of Harvard University has attracted international renown with his theory that there will be no social revolution in the United States because that revolution has already occurred. He points to the high wages American working men receive and to the technical equipment that has displaced so many old-fashioned devices. But the notion that America has already achieved the Utopia toward which European reformers are striving hardly satisfies so radical a paper as the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna, the official organ of Austrian Socialism. A leading editorial in that journal criticizes in particular Professor Carver's cheerful interpretation of the fact that American working men tend to invest their savings in the stock of the company that hires them:—

> That is just the theory that American capitalism wanted, for American industry keeps needing more and more capital to finance its miraculous growth.

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Not content with robbing the worker of his toil, American capitalists are now lusting after the savings of the working man so as to be able to use those savings in developing still greater undertakings. Hence the professor advises working men to buy stock!

People keep telling the workers that in this way they can gradually come to own the companies for which they labor, but, in reality, precisely the opposite will happen. The owners of the companies will also come to own the savings of the workers, for the control of the companies naturally resides in the hands of the big stockholders, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Harrimans, the Garys, the Fords, and the Du Ponts. All the smaller stockholders, who only own a share or two of stock, naturally have nothing to say and enjoy no power in the enterprise. As workers purchase stock they are not put into possession of more power. They are merely giving their savings into the care of Mr. Rockefeller, and thus increasing his power.

But is Professor Carver totally mistaken? Is there not a kernel of truth in his theory? Small as the savings of the individual worker may be, the total savings of millions of workers is a real power and it is a power whose greatest service would be to do away with the present state of affairs, whereby one man owns the instruments of productions and another man uses them. But the savings of workers cannot accomplish this task if put in the care of capitalists. They can only be effective if the workers concentrate their savings and build their own factories, enlarge their own concerns, and make their concerns compete with capitalistic enterprises.

Maurois on America

ANDRÉ MAUROIS has traveled extensively in both Europe and America but sees no reason to believe that there is any impending conflict between the Old World and the New. He believes in a united Europe and urges the League to show a stronger hand, but he cannot persuade himself that any spectacular struggle is imminent. In a recent interview, published in *Comœdia*, a Paris daily paper largely devoted to literary and theatrical matters, he delivered himself of these opinions:—

Why should we lock horns with the Americans? I don't believe that our civilization is menaced. Industrial civilization, being what it is, presents certain drawbacks, but these drawbacks are not peculiar to America. They can be found in any industrial nation; in Germany as well as in France. One can only say that the faults of industrialism are accentuated in America because the country lacks a common tradition. In so far as I would dare to make any prophecy at all, I do not believe there is any danger of direct hostility. I am only afraid of what may happen inside Europe.

America made the best possible impression on me. It abounds in youth and curiosity. Its universities boast a remarkably distinguished set of men. I don't doubt that the admirable thing about France is our middle class, our engineers, our officers, our doctors, whose culture is profound. Such a class also exists, though in a lesser degree, in America, and the difference between us is much smaller than people generally assert.

Uncouth New York

THE STEADILY INCREASING migration of Britishers to New York ought to be checked somewhat by a gruesome description of that city written by a special correspondent of the London *Times*. The jaundiced eye of this sensitive visitor dwelt more on the subway excavations than on the bad architecture of the skyscrapers, and the shortcomings of the drugstore lunch counter irritated him more than the ravages of Prohibition. The streets, he says, 'would disgrace a Balkan town,' and 'there seems to be little hope for a city which, after three centuries of existence, has not sufficient individuality to overcome the temporary disfigurement of a subway.'

The racial variety of New York also made a profound and unsatisfactory

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impression. On the subway 'every other person seems to be colored.' But the essence of New York—and perhaps of all America—is nervousness:—

A national restlessness allows no one to sit still long enough to consider what he lacks or to appreciate what he has. The restlessness is most marked in New York, but it is characteristic in some degree of every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. It is to be seen in the restaurants, where the whole meal must be ordered at once, and where coffee is served with the food; in the dining cars of trains, where the perfect manners of colored waiters are offset by the speed with which they reset the table for non-existent newcomers long before you have reached the conversation. Above all it is to be seen in the colleges, where boys and girls alike shift unceasingly from course to course, from idea to idea, and from pastime to pastime. Nowhere in the student world is such abounding energy to be found, nor such receptivity. But it is energy of a nervous kind, never long directed into one channel unless the direction comes from outside.

Ice Cream, Perfume, and War Debts

AN EDITORIAL IN *Le Temps* entitled 'L'Opulence Américaine' expresses amazement at the amount of ice cream and perfume purchased by the United States in the course of a year. Apparently ignoring the excellent oversea trade built up by M. François Coty, the same paper goes on to make this bold suggestion:—

Their tastes in America are running more and more toward luxury products, and the money spent for ice cream in 1928 amounted to more than $300,000,000—one-seventh of our entire budget. Such a debauch of refreshment did not exist, to be sure, before Prohibition. In those blessed times when one could drink in other places than Honolulu, or outside carefully concealed speakeasies, the river of ice cream flowing down American gullets amounted to only one-sixth of its present volume. Just suppose Americans were to consent to give up ice cream—they have already been forbidden fire water—the amount they would save would equal what Europe owes them. Or even suppose that they sacrificed to the limit and gave up all perfume. They would then save $177,000,000 a year, and were that amount added to the savings that would result from their being deprived of ice cream, it would give them almost enough money to pay what poor Germany has to pay each year on the entire Young Plan—a steady annuity of 1,988 millions of gold marks.

Charlie Chaplin Enshrined

EGON ERWIN KISCH is not the only German who takes his Charlie Chaplin seriously. *Die Weltbühne*, one of the more highbrow Berlin weeklies, ended a recent discussion of movie technique with a prophecy about Mr. Chaplin more glowing than most Americans would care to make:—

Sixty years hence there will be a film museum, and film enthusiasts will often enter its cool projection room, where the best pictures of all time will be shown as if they were old masters, while expert criticism will be offered by Professor Jackie Coogan. Finally an hour will come when spectators will sit tense with excitement in their seats and then leave the hall wild-eyed, staggering out on to the street like drunken ducks. And as they go they will whisper gently in each other's ears, 'A masterpiece, a real Chaplin.'

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WAR AND PEACE

There was not one of us who did not feel that international harmony was nearer when he learned the composition of the new British Government.—*Aristide Briand.*

I had an interesting encounter with a veteran officer of the Dorsets while waiting for the train. He knew none of the men now, and had come to the station for old times' sake. Looking at the waiting crowd, he said: 'I like to think they are here, because they know in their heart of hearts that this talk of "no more war" is all bunkum, and that we shall always need soldiers.' Strange words to remember after talking to the British soldiers who had met their enemies in peace time and found them first-rate pals!—*A reporter on the London 'Daily Herald' interviewing an officer just back from the Rhineland.*

A gentleman from Europe plans to enter this country soon. He, with the connivance and consent of our President and the weak-kneed administration at Washington, plans to reduce the size of the United States Navy. I dislike to criticize the President of the United States, but when the safety of the United States is the issue, as a member of the United States Congress, and as a citizen of this country, I am going to criticize him. Though I am of that race and religion whose members are not allowed to become president of the United States, I will never waver one iota from my position regarding the size of our Navy. Never will I vote to reduce the size of the arm which defends my country.—*Congressman John J. Douglas.*

It should be noted that the great-navy propagandists in the United States have turned to their own purposes Mr. Snowden's stand at the Hague. They have argued, with the strange perversity of admirals and their allies in all countries, that Mr. Snowden's insistence upon British rights in reparations is no less dangerous to America as a world power than were Sir Austen Chamberlain's naval conversations with France. Funny people!—*New Statesman.*

I wanted to see peace come to the world, and especially to this great country of ours, without entanglements or wars. Not only was I interested as a patriotic American citizen, but I may say I was selfishly interested from the prosperity point of view of this great country, particularly as an industrial country under peaceful conditions.—*Charles M. Schwab.*

I have had a new opportunity to see M. Briand at work, and I want to say how deeply I appreciate the spirit which he and his colleagues have shown. He has made me see more clearly than I did before what he means by his policy of reconciliation and understanding. If Europe survives the crisis which the War left, it will be in a great measure because of the courage and determination which M. Briand has shown.—*Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary.*

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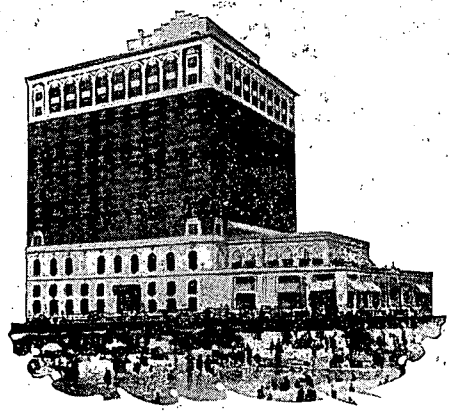

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Views & Reviews

FAMOUS SMALL BRONZES. *New York: The Gorham Company. 1928.*

American sculpture has maintained since the Civil War a character so consistent that it might almost be called a tradition. It has never been an art of the adventurous temper that invents new forms for new ideas. The passionate emotion which Rodin tried to capture, the intense vigor of form that Bourdelle, Meštrovich, and Epstein are seeking have never been within its range of effect. The word which best sums up its character is charm. There is grace, too, and occasionally a monumental dignity; but one has only to look at the statues in our parks to realize that it has usually been far more successful with the charming than with the monumental. It is thus by nature peculiarly suited for use in small and intimate forms, as in home decoration, where American taste prefers restful and pleasant effects to exciting. This aspect of our sculpture has been happily seized upon by the Gorham Company. The aim of their series of small bronzes illustrated in this volume was to produce work which could be fitted into the scheme of a pleasant American drawing room. But since the quality of charm does not suffer when a statue is reduced in size (as the quality of grandeur or of power often does), it was possible to include in the collection replicas in miniature of many of the best-known American sculptures. One of Harriet Frishmuth's dancing figures can be made fifteen inches high without altering its charm in the least; Bourdelle's 'Hercules' the same size would be absurd.

The Gorham bronze casters have made the most of their opportunity. The collection includes large figures like Gutzon Borglum's 'Lincoln' at Newark, Cyrus Dallin's 'Appeal to the Great Spirit,' and Anna Hyatt Huntington's 'Joan of Arc' on Riverside Drive, reduced to a few inches in height, and ranges all the way from these down to little animal book ends. No small factor in its success is the craftsmanship of the bronze founders.

The list of artists and subjects represents nearly every aspect of the American school. There are several of Allan Clark's facile

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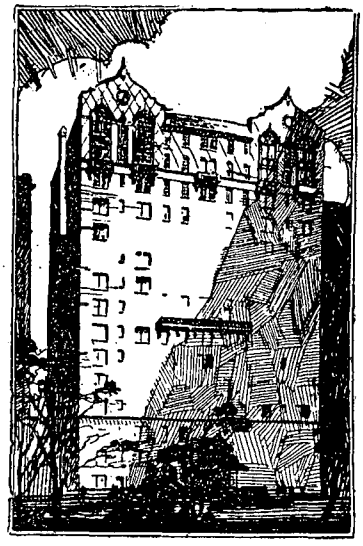

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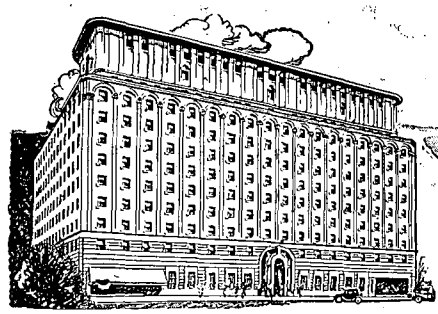

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studies, an athlete by R. Tait McKenzie, three works by Emil Fuchs, animal studies of all sorts by Anna Hyatt Huntington, Laura Gardin Fraser, Mahonri Young, Julie Nicholls Yates, A. Phimister Proctor; and others, graceful dancing figures by Harriet Frishmuth and Maude Jewett, a spirited figure of a cowboy on a bucking horse by Frank Dodge. The uses to which they are adapted are equally various. There are sundials, book ends, paper weights, and purely decorative pieces.

One of the most pleasing pieces is a paper weight, 'Conventional Elephant,' by Margaret Postgate, which belies its name by being the freshest and least conventional of all in conception.

The book itself is in craftsmanship and appearance worthy of the work it illustrates. The photographs by William Shewell Ellis are unusually excellent. They succeed in getting great variety of arrangement and background without sacrificing their value as illustrations or disturbing the tone of quiet refinement which pervades the book.

J. J. S.

THEN I SAW THE CONGO. *By Grace Flandrau. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.*

This book is an unusually straightforward account of a layman's journey across Africa from the mouth of the Congo to Mombasa on the Indian Ocean. It consists of neither rapturous appreciation of the 'primitive,' nor snarls at modern European imperialism. It is rather the reaction of a sensible and observant American woman to a strange landscape, a strange people, and strange ways of life. The pictures of the African negro are sympathetic but unromantic; the descriptions of white missionaries and colonial officials penetrating and witty; the journey itself, undertaken principally to obtain motion pictures of African native life, full of interest and color. The style is far above that of most travel books. It has a directness and simplicity so masculine that one is certain that Mrs. Flandrau is one of those writers who would be unusually angry if they were told that they write extremely well — for a woman.

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World Travel Calendar

Austria

VIENNA. October 1-November 15, Exhibition of Dutch Painters (Künstlerhaus); *October 16-November 16*, Fall Meeting of Jockey Club; *October 25-December 15*, Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; November 1-15*, Fall Art Exhibition (Secession); *2*, Golf Tournament; *3-22*, Art Exhibition of *Kunstgemeinschaft und Österreichisher Künstlerbund* (Glaspalast); *3-29*, Derby; *9-December 10*, International Danube Board; *November 3, 10, 17, December 8*, Performances of the Vienna Spanish Riding School; *November 29-December 8*, 35th International Medical Extension Course on Internal Secretion and Constitution; *November 29-December 31*, Exhibition (Künstlerhaus); *5-31*, Christmas Exhibition (Künstlerhaus).

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

BRUSSELS. November 14, Horse Fair; *December 8-19*, 22nd International Exhibition of Automobiles, Motorcycles, Boats, and Radios.

LIÈGE. November 3, St. Hubert's Day.

MONS. November 19, Annual Fair opens for one month.

Canada

GUELPH. December, Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.

ONTARIO. November, Deer- and Moose-Hunting Season.

OTTAWA. November 11, Canadian Legion National Memorial Service; *December 2-6*, Winter Fair and Horse Show.

REGINA. November 25-30, Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League meets.

TORONTO. November 20-28, Royal Agricultural Winter Fair.

Cuba

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *December 7*, Decoration Day; *8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 8, Memorial Day.

Danzig

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. Autumn, 11th International Sample Fair.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. November 2, Grand Horticultural Exhibition at Forum; *14-16*, International and Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Matches; *December 5*, Inter-Scandinavian Boxing Matches at Idrats House.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *5*, Guy Fawkes's Day, Fireworks and Bonfires; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

LEICESTER. October-November, 9th Textile Machinery, Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

LONDON. November 9, Lord Mayor's Show and Procession; *December 1-7*, Three Arts Ball; *December-January*, 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition; *December 10-16*, Smithfield Club Cattle Show.

MANCHESTER. November 23, Handicap Races.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *3*, opening of Hunting Season and Blessing of the Dogs; *11*, Armistice Day.

AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.

BÉZIERS. November 5-11, Chrysanthemum Exhibition.

BOULOGNE. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

NICE. December 9, Auto and Motorcycle Race.

NORMANDY. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

NOYON. December 1, St. Eloy's Day.

PARIS. Autumn, 4th International Nautical

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Show; *November*, Autumn Salon; *21*, International Commercial Vehicles Exhibition opens; *25*, St. Catherine's Girls Procession; *December 1*, Horse Race, Prix de la Haye Jousselin.

GERMANY

BERLIN. October-December, Academy Exhibition: Black and White; *October-March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics; *November 7-January 18*, German-Language Course at the University; *November 14*, International Automobile Show opens; *14-16*, German Society for Glass Technology; *21-22*, Technical Society for Shipbuilding; *end of November*, German Commission on Standardization and Simplification; *beginning of December*, Meeting of Cellulose and Paper Chemists and Engineers; *3*, German Society of Technical Machinists.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. October 26-November 6, International Cookery and Hotel Industries Exhibition.

MUNICH. Autumn, Bulgarian Week.

NUREMBERG. November 2-10, Cultural Exhibition of the German Labor Organizations.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 11, Armistice Day.

HONOLULU. November, Kaaona Ka Malama (patriotic tableau by Hawaiian Warriors' Society); *7-11*, Hawaii Festival of Pacific Races; *8*, Hawaiian Music and Hula Night; *9*, Parade of the Pacific Races; *15-17*, Second Annual Open Golf Tournament; *28*, Outrigger Club's Swimming Meet; *November*, Inter-Collegiate Football Matches; *December*, Football Match, University of Utah and Washington State College v. Hawaii's Senior League; Surfboard Polo Tournament.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 4, St. Emeric's Day.

BUDAPEST. November, Hungarian Industrial

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Dec. 26, "	s.s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s.s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, "	s.s. Samaria	12 days	175

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CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE.

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and Commercial Week; International Composers' Congress, Winter Exhibition, Fine Art Galleries.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

LORETO. December 10, Festival at Shrine of Santa Casa.

MILAN. November 1-30, Gallop Races, San Siro Hippodrome.

MONTEDORO (SICILY). December 13, Santa Lucia Procession.

ROME. November 1-30, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 3, *Meiji Setsu*, in Commemoration of the Late Emperor Meiji; *15*, *Miyamaeri*, Shrine Pilgrimage of Young Children; *23*, *Niinamesai*, Second Harvest Festival; *December 14-28*, *Toshi-no-ichi*, Year-End Fair.

KYOTO. October 28-November 9, Third Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

OMIYA. December 10-11, Great Annual Fair at the Hikawa-jinja Shrine.

TOKYO. October 29-November 7, International Engineering Congress; *November 22-28*, Commemoration of the Higashi Hongwanji Temple at Asakusa; *24*, Commemoration of Nishi Hongwanji Temple at Tsukiji; *December 14*, *Gishi-sai*, Annual Commemoration of the Forty-seven Ronin, held at the Sengakuji Temple, near Shinagawa.

UENO. October 15-November 15, *Teiten*, Art Exhibition of Modern Japanese Paintings and Sculpture.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 1, Independence Day.

Mediterranean
57 DAYS ~ $495
All Expense Cruise to Mediterranean. Other tours Europe 37 days $295 — Bermuda 13 Days $106. Send for book of tours.
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154 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

RUSSIA

KIEV. December-January, 1930, 8th Congress for the Study of Soils.

UKRAINE. Autumn, 7th Congress of the Physicists of the U.S.S.R.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. Beginning of November, Annual Boat Races and Pilgrimage to the Capitol Phra-chedi Klang Nam on the Menam River to Paknam; *11*, Armistice Day; *December-January*, 'Swinging Feast.'

BANGKOK. November 8-13, King's Birthday.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

BARCELONA. November 3-10, Week of Iron; *4-10*, Week of Forests; *6-10*, Labor Union Confederation Assembly; *6-9*, Catholic Congress of National Benefit; *beginning November 15*, National and International Congress for Physical Culture and Athletic Contests; *December 1-11*, National Congress of Architecture; National Firemen's Congress.

MADRID. Autumn, International Cancer Congress; *October 7-December 14*, Spanish University Courses.

SEVILLE. December 8, *Baile de los Seises.*

VALENCIA. November 2, 9, 11-25, 30, Duck Hunting Festival on the Lake of Albufera.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day.

STOCKHOLM. December 10, Nobel Day, Distribution of Nobel Prizes; *13-January 13*, Feast of Saint Lucia.

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA. November 2-10, International Horse-Jumping Competition; *December 11*, Escalade Thanksgiving Day.

URUGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, Memorial Day; *December 8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *8*, Beach Day; *25*, Family Day.

Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

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